

The Sketch

No. 674.—Vol. LII.

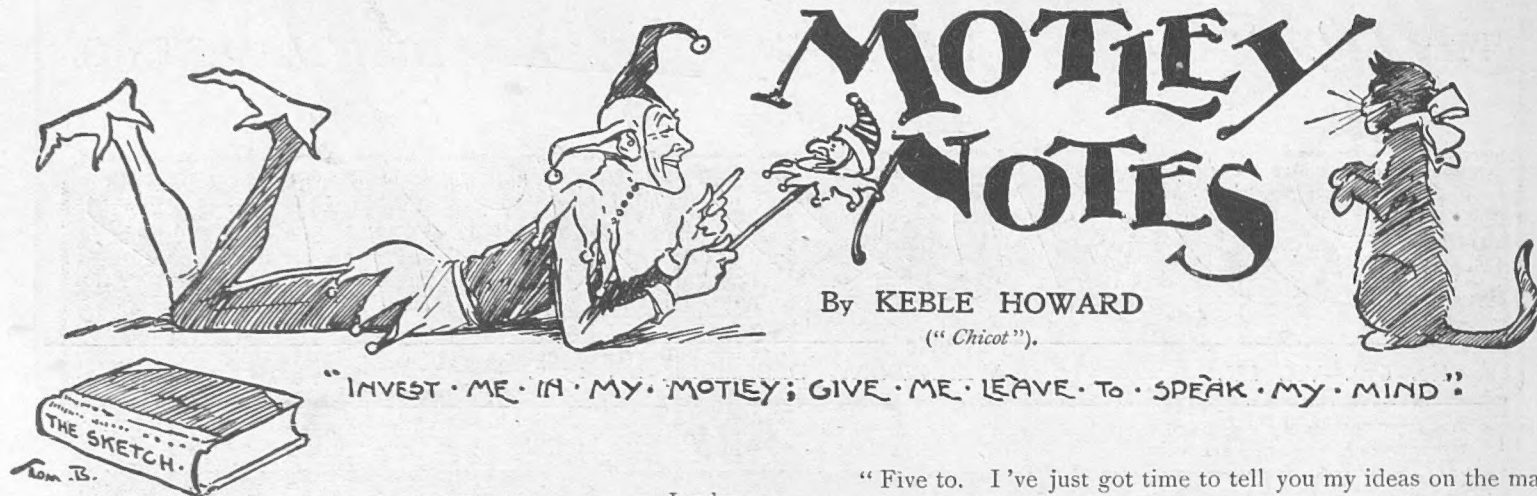
WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 27, 1905.

SIXPENCE.



A HAPPY NEW YEAR WAITING FOR SOMEONE: CUPID CHANGES HIS WEAPON FOR THE WINTER SEASON.

DRAWN BY LEONARD LINSDELL.



London.

IT was half-past eleven on New Year's Eve. The Old Year, very white and weak, but quite resigned, lay back among the pillows. The New Year, very young and ignorant, but quite confident, sat in a perky attitude at the foot of the bed, smoking a cigarette.

"I can't help thinking," said the New Year, "that you've made rather a mess of things."

"I admit it," replied the Old Year. "So did my father before me, and my grandfather, and my great-grandfather. All the Years have made a mess of things. I have no wish to discourage you, my son, but I'm afraid you'll be no exception."

The New Year laughed.

"Other times, other manners," he observed. "You, for example, would never have dared to sit at the foot of your father's death-bed, smoking a cigarette."

"Heaven forbid!"

"There you are, you see! Yet, when I do it, it seems the most natural thing in the world. As I said before, other times, other manners. Because our family have all been failures, it doesn't follow that I'm going to be a failure. Don't you believe it, dad. I'm going to make things fairly hum. You wait and see."

"Six!"

"Oh, beg pardon. I forgot you couldn't wait more than another twenty minutes or so."

"May I inquire, my son, in what particular way you intend to improve on your ancestors?"

"Certainly. To begin with, my name will always be associated with Fiscal Reform. How's that for a start?"

"I thought the same," murmured the Old Year.

"Well, I admit you did your best to pave the way. However, to continue, I intend, further, to give Home Rule to Ireland. What are you laughing at, you silly old juggins?"

"Excuse me," giggled Five, "but my teeth have slipped down the bed. Would you mind—? Thanks ever so. And you intend to give Home Rule to Ireland, do you? Well, you may as well have a shot at it, my son. Home Rule has been a family hobby for several generations. Anything else?"

"Heaps more, dad. There's this South African question. I understand that quite a lot of nice people have been waiting for things to improve out there until they're almost sick of the country. Before I give place to Seven" (here the conceited young ass delicately joined the tips of his fingers) "I propose to see South Africa well on the way to prosperity. Have we any shares, by the way?"

"Heaps and heaps."

"Where are the certificates?"

"Ninety-Five threw them away."

"Duffer! Now I shall have all the trouble of getting copies, I suppose."

"I never needed them. Go on talking, my boy. It soothes me."

"Turning to social questions, I hope to settle, once and for all, this unemployed business. You've bungled that sadly, you know, father. Temporary relief, viewed strictly from the economic standpoint—"

The Old Year held up his hand. "Don't quote from the newspapers," he pleaded. "At least spare me *that* in my dying moments."

"Then there's good work to be done among the older Universities. Oxford and Cambridge, if I may say so without offence, have all the pitiful failings of senility. I hope to purge them of their snobbish, nonsensical conventions; to expose their follies under the searchlight of common-sense; to—"

"You're quoting again," drawled the Old Year. "How's the Friend?"

"Five to. I've just got time to tell you my ideas on the marriage question. Would you like to hear them?"

"There's no escape," sighed the Old Year.

The New Year perched himself on the pillow and bellowed into his father's ear. "I have very startling views on the marriage question, dad."

"Eh?" queried the Old Year.

"I say I have very startling views on the marriage question. Buck up a minute! They'll interest you."

"So had One."

"Who was One?"

"Year the First, my boy. He had—delightfully ingenuous—views on the marriage question. He experimented with—Adam and Eve. Take my tip, Six, and leave the marriage question alone."

"Not I!" cried Six. "Just because all you other fellows bungled—"

"You said that before," whispered the Old Year.

The clock began to make a whizzing noise. It was about to strike twelve.

"Before you go," shrieked the New Year, "I want to ask your advice about something."

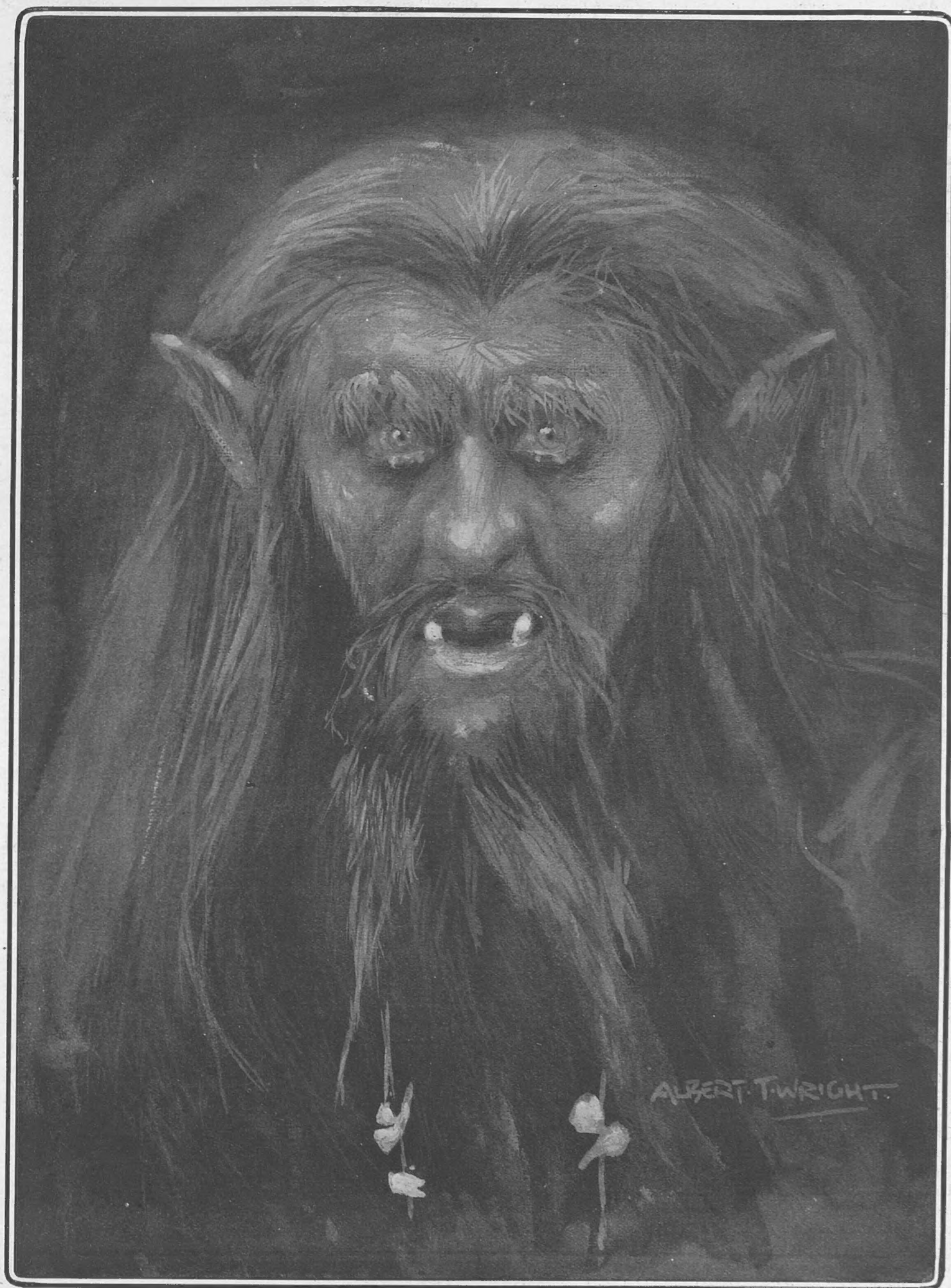
"Too late! Just like all the rest of the family! All the Years—"

Boom! Boom! Boom! . . .

All the same, friend the reader, I wish you a very happy New Year. Happiness, after all, is largely a matter of faith. If you believe, sincerely, that everything makes for good, you cannot help being happy. If, on the other hand, you believe that good fortune is merely the precursor of evil, you are bound to be unhappy. I know people who say, "Yes, things are going pretty well just now, but one can never tell how long it'll last." Silly, isn't it? The really successful man, on the contrary, is he who—pardon these platitudes!—follows up one stroke of good luck with another. You may say that good luck and bad luck are things beyond our control. Rubbish! The loss of half his fortune is a stroke of good luck when it happens to a philosopher. He will tell you, smilingly, that it has taught him how to appreciate the other half. The sudden access of wealth is a stroke of bad luck when it happens to the pessimist. He will tell you, grumblingly, that he doesn't know what on earth to do with the money. Once again, therefore, I make so bold as to wish you a Happy New Year!

There are still people, I suppose, who begin the New Year with a long list of good resolutions. The First of January, of course, is quite the worst time of the year to make such resolutions. Consider, for a moment, the kind of things that people make up their minds to do, and you will at once see what I mean. A very common "good resolution," for instance, is the one about keeping an accurate account of your expenditure. The resolved one buys a special book, all ruled in red ink, and writes on the first line of the first space, "Bus—2d." In nine cases out of ten, the matter begins and ends with that extremely important entry. But, you ask, why is January the First the worst time to start keeping strict accounts? Simply because one pays away more money in January than at any other time of the year. All the bills come in, and it is quite bad enough to have to pay those without worrying yourself to death over 'bus-fares and other trifles that don't matter. Again, many people determine to rise earlier in the morning, quite ignoring the fact that January is the coldest month in the year. Others secretly intend to be better-tempered, just as though anyone was ever good-tempered so soon after Christmas. No; if you want to make resolutions, make them in the spring, when you are full of life and hope and strength. Any old set of habits are good enough for January and February.

THE REVIVAL OF "THE TEMPEST," AT HIS MAJESTY'S.



MR. TREE AS CALIBAN.

DRAWN BY ALBERT T. WRIGHT FROM SKETCHES AND A PHOTOGRAPH BY THE "ACTOR ILLUSTRATED."

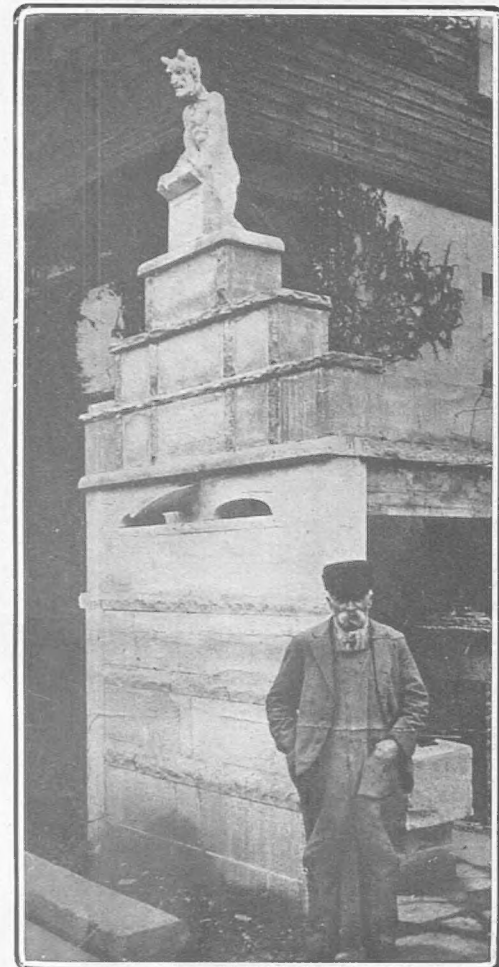
THE CLUBMAN.

Peace and Goodwill—The Moroccan Congress—France, Germany, and Great Britain—Our Next Punitive Expedition—The Cause of Such Affairs.

"PEACE and goodwill," so ran the first Christmas message. In a way there is peace throughout the world—for even the Turk, who generally has more little wars on hand than anyone else, is not fighting at the present time—but there is little enough goodwill; for with Russia in the throes of attempted revolution and the Great Powers going to a Conference each with a revolver in sleeve and a bowie-knife in boot, there never was a time when there was a greater necessity for the storm-signal to be hoisted.

Paris is troubled by a severe attack of nerves, and no wonder, for when a country's trusted ally is suffering from a convulsive fit which may prove fatal it is difficult to keep calm. The man on the Boulevards sees some deep scheme on Germany's part in asking that the Moroccan Conference shall be moved from Algieras to Madrid. The British Fleet lying in Gibraltar Bay would doubtless have been a good object-lesson to all the members of the Conference but I fancy that the reason given—lack of hotel accommodation—is the real cause for the suggested transference.

Algieras has one first-class hotel, which is occupied in force by the British in the winter months, and it is often impossible to get a room there for love or money in the winter and spring months. How half-a-dozen Plenipotentiaries, with their staffs and all the journalists, and



THE ONLY MONUMENT TO THE DEVIL: THE EFFIGY OF HIS SATANIC MAJESTY ERECTED IN DETROIT, MICHIGAN, U.S.A.

Hermann Menz, a stone-mason of Detroit, Michigan, has erected the above monument to the devil, much to the horror of his neighbours, who threaten the statue and its owner with demolition. Menz is a believer in the Darwinian theory, and the monument bears the inscription: "Homo non est Creatio, sed Evolutio; Deus non Fecit Hominem, Sed Homo Fecit Deos," which is: "Man is not a creation, but an evolution. God did not make man, but man made gods."

Photograph by G. G. Bain.

the *gobemouches* who flock to any place where a Conference is to be held were to be accommodated struck me as a difficult problem when I first heard that Algieras was the chosen spot.

I am delighted that the Yellow Book and the speech of the French Prime Minister in the Chamber have white-washed M. Delcassé, for he has always been one of my heroes; but I am afraid that not all the king's horses and all the king's men could ever set him in the seat of power again. Had the Frenchmen known at the time of his fall as much as they do now, he would probably not have been thrown to the wolves; but to give him back his portfolio now would be such an open challenge to Germany that it would be as good, or as bad, as a declaration of war.

The last time I was in France I found all the Frenchmen talking of the inevitable war between England and Germany, and speculating as to what France's rôle would be when the war was in progress. I am quite sure that when I go over to Paris this week I shall be told on all sides that another German invasion of French territory is certain to occur in the spring, and I shall be asked what England, under a new Government, will do to help France. One thing I shall be able to assure my questioners, and that is

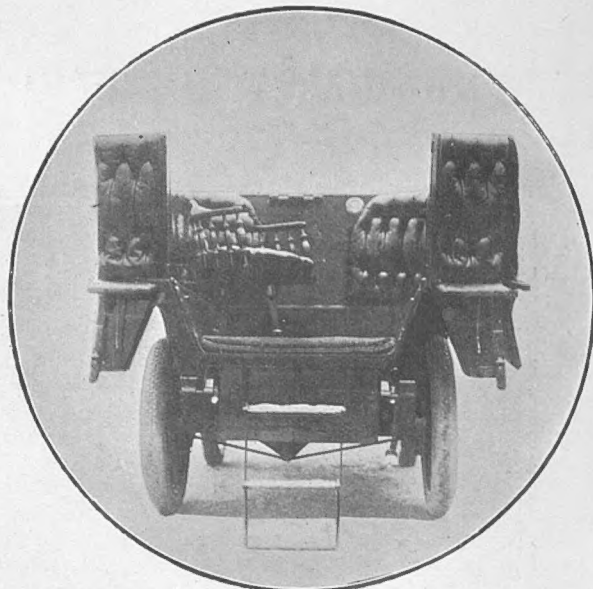
that Great Britain will not land 100,000 men in Schleswig-Holstein, for of all ridiculous *canards* that was the most ridiculous.

It is just a chance that Great Britain did not find herself with a little war in progress at Christmas time. She is pretty sure to find one on her hands at Easter, unless it has been concluded by then, for the usual North-West Frontier

incident of a Ghazi murder of a British officer is to be followed by the usual punitive expedition. The prologue, drama, and epilogue are always the same on these occasions. It commences by some Mullah over the border holding a successful series of Revival services. He preaches to his flock of long-bearded, hooked-nosed Mussulmans that they are growing slack in their religious duties, and holds forth on those texts in the Koran which inculcate the destruction of the unbeliever—texts which have sent many a good Christian to his grave unbetimes.

One or more enthusiasts declare that they will win their way to that highest paradise where the green-clad houris wait for good believers, and they are made much of by their fellow-tribesmen. They are blessed by the Mullah, are told to pick out some prominent unbeliever in order that the deed may be known to all men, and start for certain death. A British Staff-officer riding along a cantonment road, a colonel coming back from mess to his quarters, some good fellow thinking of wife and children in England, is suddenly cut down or shot from behind, an alarm is raised, and the murderer, fighting like a wild cat, is caught, sewn up in a pig's-skin so that he shall not find Moslem salvation, and hanged.

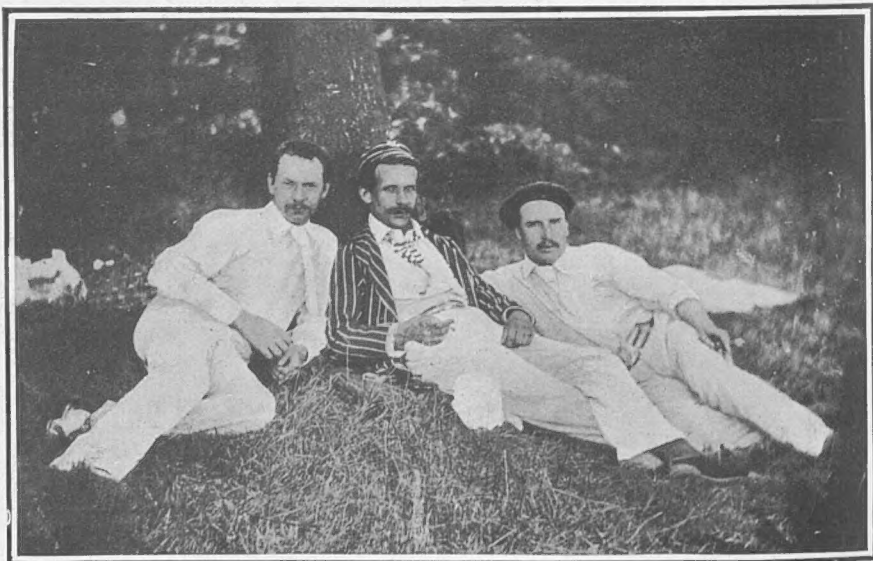
Then comes the punitive expedition against the tribe, who stand by their Mullah, and who appeal to the Amir, as the protector of all Mohammedans, for help. The Amir has to play a double game, but he gives no active help to the tribesmen, and though they charge like a whirlwind, and shoot like the splendid marksmen they are, their towers are sent up heavenward in a cloud of smoke by a charge of dynamite, and the tall Sikhs and the little Gurkhas, the Highlanders and the Light Infantrymen bivouac in the valley where the Mullah preached. The Mullah himself, however, has fled for sanctuary to the Amir, and is safe in some hiding-place until he judges it time once again to send some faithful disciples to destruction.



THE MOTOR-CAR FROM WHICH THE KING SHOTS.

During his visit to the Duke of Portland the King shot from a specially adapted 28 h.p. Darracq, fitted up by Mr. Andrew Hunter, the Duke's chief motor engineer. The King occupied the rotary chair seen in the centre of the car. A gun-rack was attached to the driver's seat and the back was hinged and opened for the loaders' convenience.

Photograph by Shaw.



Jerome K. Jerome.

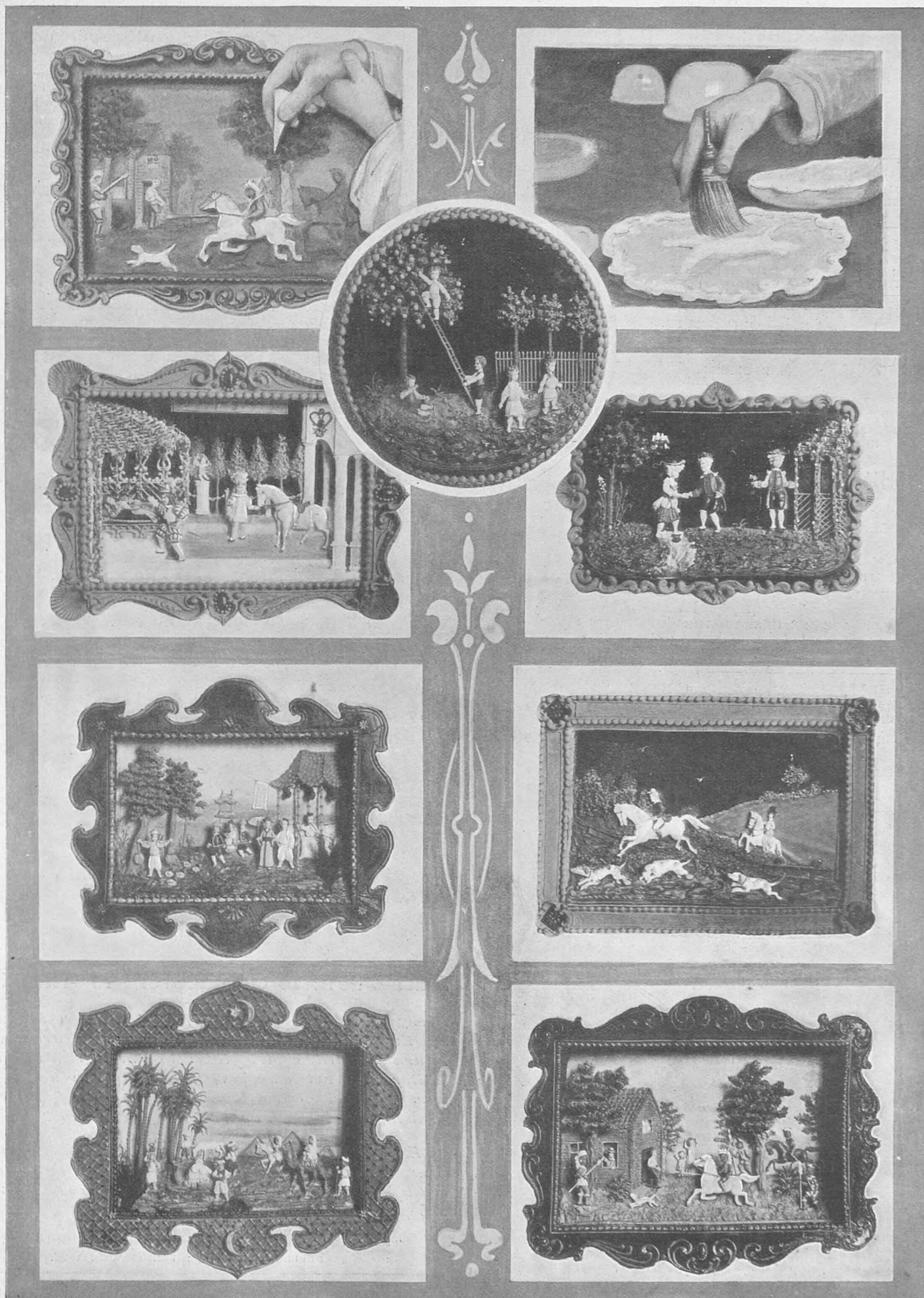
Carl Hentschel.

George Wingrave.

THE ORIGINALS OF THE "THREE MEN IN A BOAT" AS THEY WERE TWENTY YEARS AGO: MESSRS. JEROME K. JEROME (J.), CARL HENTSCHEL (HARRIS), AND GEORGE WINGRAVE (GEORGE).

PICTURES IN COLOURED SUGAR:

ART AND THE CONFECTIONER.



We give above reproductions of some of the pictures in coloured sugar made by Mr. Hilderbrand; and also indicate, in the two first illustrations, the way in which the work is done. The first photograph shows the operator at work on a picture, squeezing the coloured sugar through a small opening at the point of an ordinary sugar-bag, in which a small metal funnel has been inserted; the second depicts the mixing of the sugar. The foundation of each picture is of paste-board, and the same material provides the frame.

Photographs by Mr. Hilderbrand.

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"PARISIANA," AT THE ALHAMBRA.

The latest Alhambra ballet bears the same relation to the old-time
ballets d'action to which the house owes its reputation that a modern
musical comedy holds to "Patience," "The Mikado," or "The
Yeomen of the Guard." Mr. Charles Wilson has invented and pro-
duced the six scenes, but he has not explained their connection, and
nothing on the stage supplies an explanation. The idea of "Parisiana,"
if one may credit the production with anything so serious, would seem
to consist in setting out various detached tableaux that can be altered,
shelved, expanded, or compressed as the mood of the moment may
suggest. Mr. J. M. Glover's music is as bright and tuneful as ever—
the composer never fails in these directions—but it has nothing to do
with the action on the stage; nor can Signor Curti, who has arranged
dances, handle the groups of dancers with the certainty and cleverness
of his predecessors.

And yet, though the defects set out here are apparent, probably, to
one and all, it is quite likely that people will flock to "Parisiana"
because it reflects the curious mental attitude that rejoices in the
courtesy title of public taste. The dresses are very bright—their
colours would make a sunset hide its diminished head—and the girls
move with the vigour and gaiety that are part of the Alhambra's
tradition, the only part it has cared to preserve.

There is no *première danseuse* in "Parisiana," but La Sylphe goes
through the curious movements she has made her own—long may she
retain the copyright!—and Señorita Maria la Bella makes all too brief
appearances. Then there is Jane May, the inimitable Pierrot of
"L'Enfant Prodigue," whose chief business seems to consist in
burgling an artist's "poorly furnished room" and threatening an
uninteresting invalid with a blunt knife. These ill-deeds are com-
mitted at the instigation of two "types of Parisian life," but
it is only fair to remark that the burglar repents his crime, throws
the knife away, buys the starving artist's picture, and in the next
scene resumes pierrot costume, tries to commit suicide, is cut down in
time by two gentlemen in evening-dress, and goes off gaily to the
enjoyments of "La Fête de Neuilly." It's all very sad—I mean gay;
but it would have been so much more pleasant to see a coherent story
unfolded by the aid of music that had a measure of dramatic force, and
made doubly interesting by some well-considered dancing of the best
kind. I hope the day is not far distant when the Alhambra will hold
its patrons worthy of a ballet on the lines I have indicated, the old
familiar lines that paved the way to prosperity in times past.—S. L. B.

THE BEST BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

THE "WESTERN MORNING NEWS." Gems in a Granite Setting. William Crossing.	HENRY J. DRANE. Reminiscences of a Poor Hunting Man. Edited by Harold Tremayne. 2s. 6d.
CASSELL. The Zoological Society of London. Henry Scherren, F.Z.S. 30s.	HEINEMANN. Beauty of Figure. Deborah Primrose. 2s. 6d.

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IT WILL INTEREST YOU.

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SMALL TALK *of the* WEEK

THE King and Queen are spending Christmastide at Sandringham, surrounded by a number of old friends. The absence of the Prince and Princess of Wales, and of King Haakon and Queen Maud makes the Royal gathering less complete than usual, but in these days the telegraph annihilates distance. Few of us realise how great a part telegrams play in the lives of modern Sovereigns. On such a

be judged from a conversation between Mr. Frederic Harrison and Gladstone, following the publication of the former's *Life of Cromwell*. Gladstone had not read it, and was asking the author's opinion of Cromwell: did he consider him a great man? "Certainly," replied Mr. Harrison. "For example," said Gladstone, "do you think he was as great a man as the late Lord Althorp?" The new Lord Chamberlain already knows his Court duties from A to Z. He has been a Parliamentary Groom-in-Waiting and Vice-Chamberlain.

At the Vatican. The fact that Mr. Marion Crawford, with distinguished assistants, is to write the official biography of the late Pope is interesting from a literary as well as historical point of view. We must wish the distinguished author's production better luck than befell a work by his subject. A book by Leo XIII., written when he was young and but little known, had the doubtful distinction of being placed on the "Index Expurgatorius." At any rate, Mr. Crawford will not have so curious an experience as came the way of the late Mr. Rudolf Lehmann when he was summoned to the Vatican to paint Pius IX. The Pope rested upon a high platform; upon one side a Vatican official holding a huge breviary, upon the other a second bearing a giant snuff-box. To the snuff-taking the artist could offer no objection; but when the Pope sealed his eyes in prayer, then the artist was in despair. At the conclusion of the sitting the Pope descended to look at the sketch. Lehmann was a little chilled to hear him coldly say, "You have done well to observe the disparity of my two cheeks; one side of my face was paralysed while I was on a voyage to Chili."

day as Christmas Day, and even more, perhaps, on that Continental holiday the First of January, messages come and go to and from Sandringham without cessation.

Last of the Old Brigade. The Duke of Rutland, who has recently been keeping his eighty-seventh birthday, is the only surviving colleague of Gladstone in a Tory Administration. Three-and-fifty years ago, he was in the Cabinet as First Commissioner of Public Works, what time Gladstone was Chancellor of the Exchequer. Their Parliamentary association, however, dates back sixty-four years, for he and the future Radical Prime Minister sat in the Parliament of 1841 as members for Newark. He has done splendid public service, but will always be best remembered for his famous couplet—

Let wealth and commerce, laws and learning die,
But leave us still our old nobility.

Not less notable, however, was his reply to the man who, years afterwards, twitted him upon it: "Rather would I be the foolish stripling who wrote those lines than the man of middle-age who has so ungenerously quoted them against me."

A Name to Live Up To.

The Hon. Charles Robert Spencer was bound to go to the House of Lords some day, for he is heir to his half-brother, Earl Spencer. His appointment as Lord Chamberlain hastens his promotion. His expected acceptance of the title of Lord Althorp gives him a name to live up to. The Lord Althorp who, as such, helped to make history

in the House of Commons left a record of which any man might be proud. How he impressed his contemporaries may be judged from a conversation between Mr. Frederic Harrison and Gladstone, following the publication of the former's *Life of Cromwell*. Gladstone had not read it, and was asking the author's opinion of Cromwell: did he consider him a great man? "Certainly," replied Mr. Harrison. "For example," said Gladstone, "do you think he was as great a man as the late Lord Althorp?" The new Lord Chamberlain already knows his Court duties from A to Z. He has been a Parliamentary Groom-in-Waiting and Vice-Chamberlain.

Reduced Terms. The terms upon which Lord Acton takes office as a Lord-in-Waiting are different from those which formerly obtained. There is more of real responsibility in the work, and a smaller honorarium attaching. When the Select Committee which had in hand the Civil List of the King, upon his Majesty's Accession, came to the question of Lords-in-Waiting, they found seven in office at salaries of £700 per man. The number was reduced to five, and the sum to £600 per annum. Lord Acton is, of course, the son of the Cambridge historian, and married last year Dorothy, only child of Mr. T. H. Lyon, of Appleton Hall, Cheshire. His experience in the diplomatic service will not be lost in his new position. Another great advantage which he possesses is the fact that he is an exceptionally good linguist. He inherits the gift of tongues from his mother, who was a Hungarian Countess.



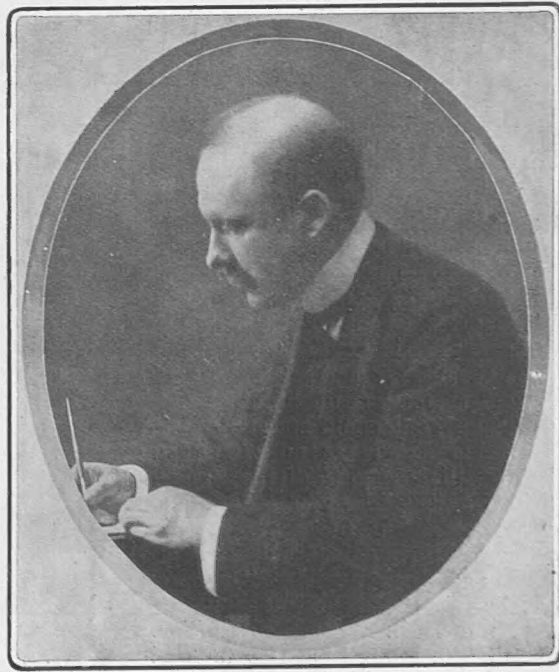
THE ONLY SURVIVING COLLEAGUE OF GLADSTONE IN A TORY ADMINISTRATION: THE DUKE OF RUTLAND.

Photograph by Elliott and Fry.



THE NEW LORD CHAMBERLAIN: THE HON. CHARLES ROBERT SPENCER.

Photograph by Thomson.



ONE OF THE NEW LORDS-IN-WAITING: LORD ACTON.

Photograph by Kate Pragnell.



A CLERICAL FIREMAN: THE REV. H. SINCLAIR BROOKE, CAPTAIN OF PEMBURY FIRE BRIGADE.

Mr. Brooke, who is the only wearer of the black cloth who dons the fire-brigade captain's uniform on occasion, is head of the brigade of Pembury, Kent, of which he is Vicar. He drills his men at frequent intervals, and has done much useful work.

Photograph by Lankester.

taken some interesting journeys, both in the Far East and in Western America. She is fonder of sport than are most American women, and has adapted herself admirably to the conditions of English country life. Lord Orford has a beautiful place near Cromer, Mannington Hall; there Oliver Cromwell used often to stay, and the house contains innumerable treasures full of interest to the student of English history. In the library are preserved the manuscripts, including a number of unpublished letters of Horace Walpole; while to many visitors to Mannington the library has an even greater interest as having been the spot where Dr. Jessopp, sitting up late one night, saw—or so he has always asserted—the ghost of that Henry Walpole, known in his family as “the Martyr,” who suffered death at York in 1595. Lady Orford, when in town, concerns herself actively with all sorts of charitable endeavours, and she is one of the pillars of the Primrose League.

An Uncrowned Queen.

Hope deferred in the case of Miss Roosevelt is to be realised. After her marriage she is to come to England, to be received by the King and Queen, and have a round of festivities promoted in her honour by Mr. Whitelaw Reid. For her own sake, as well as for her father's, she will be heartily welcomed. She was to have come for the Coronation. The German Emperor and Empress meant to invite her to Potsdam. President Roosevelt foresaw difficulties; her status would become a matter of international discussion. She could not attend the Coronation simply as an American lady travelling as one of the household of a special Ambassador; she might not sit in the seats of the mighty as their equal. “You go ahead and have a good time, my girl!” said the President; but he could not let her come to Europe. Instead she stayed at home and launched the Kaiser's yacht. The Emperor felicitated her in language characteristically grandiloquent. Her reply was typical of the girl. “I congratulate you and thank you for your courtesy to me and send you my best wishes.” It was charmingly unconventional, but it staggered official Germany; the young lady had forgotten to say “Your Majesty.” Miss Roosevelt

is a blonde—which will be news to most people. She is the daughter of the President's first wife, and is a healthy, sane, delightful girl, with, according to M. Huret, the grip of a strong man.

Heligoland. The little island of Heligoland, which the Germans got from Lord Salisbury about fifteen years ago in exchange for certain rights in East Africa, does not thrive under the rule of its new masters. Ever since the Germans took it over it has been crumbling to pieces, and great portions of it have fallen into the sea. The island is quite low on one side, but on the other

it rises up something like the rock of Gibraltar, which the Kaiser intended to parallel with his fortifications. But what is left of the rock is getting undermined by the sea every day, and what with these depredations, and the harsher rule of the Germans, the population is being reduced to nothing. In 1890, when it belonged to England, Heligoland had four thousand inhabitants; in 1899 it had only two thousand four hundred; and this year it can count only eighteen hundred. The idea of making the island the Gibraltar of the North is therefore falling into the North Sea.

A Japanese Journal.

The first number of a new Japanese newspaper, which is the first to be printed in Roman characters, has just reached Europe. It is dated Meiji 38, 10 Gatsu 15, which is to say, October 15, 1905. The paper is called the “Romaji,” and belongs to some highly educated Japanese, who have thus shown once more their desire to bring their country into line with Europe. One of the syndicate is Mr. Higuchi Kanjiro, who is a Professor at the Normal School of Tokio, and has more than once been sent to Europe on a mission by the Government. A curious feature of the paper is the supplement, which contains the Japanese characters with their equivalents in Roman letters alongside them, for the convenience of those readers who are not absolutely perfect in the European alphabet. With the exception of one advertisement which is in Japanese characters, the whole of the paper is printed in Roman letters.

Some New Engagements.

The most romantic and interesting Royal engagement of modern days is apparently to be announced in 1906, after the meeting of the Cortes; but the closing days of the Old Year have seen some noteworthy matrimonial announcements. Lord and Lady Zetland's second son, Lord George Dundas, is to marry Miss Hanley, daughter of the late Colonel Hanley. His eldest brother, Lord Ronaldshay, is a bachelor. The youngest son of Sir Arthur and Lady Wilson is engaged to Mr. Felix Schuster's eldest daughter. The coming General Election means the hastening of some weddings and the postponement of others. A canvassing honeymoon does not sound wholly attractive.



THE PARAMOUNT CHIEF OF BASUTOLAND: LOTSIA, PHOTOGRAPHED ON HIS CORONATION DAY.

Lotsia did not prove a good sitter—in fact, when the camera was first produced he ran away from it, apparently in fear, and it was by no means an easy task to reassure him. Our photograph is the only one of him that has been taken.

Photograph supplied by A. J. Hackett.



AN AMERICAN PEERESS WHO IS ONE OF THE PILLARS OF THE PRIMROSE LEAGUE: LADY ORFORD.

Photograph by Bassano.

A Curious Pet. Quaint pets are now the fashion, and one of the gentlest and most lovable of woman's dumb friends is the little marmoset. Among those who have taken one of these tiny creatures to their hearts is Lady Hilda Keith-Falconer,



LADY HILDA KEITH-FALCONER AND HER STRANGE PET, A MARMOSET.

Photograph by Kate Pragnell.

the younger daughter of Lord and Lady Kintore. The marmoset is a small, squirrel-like monkey, and has very engaging little ways. The King has marked Mr. Balfour's resignation of office by bestowing upon the ex-Premier an honour that is rare, and, in the eyes of many, somewhat strange. It takes the form of a Windsor uniform, a favour seldom bestowed and highly appreciated. The dress in question—for which the late Prince Consort, who desired to see Ministers and high officers of

The Marchioness Camden.

Lady Camden, who is one of the important country hostesses of Southern England, was before her marriage Miss Joan Nevill. Her father, Lord Henry Nevill, lives at Eridge Castle with his father, Lord Abergavenny; accordingly his daughters have always lived in Sussex. Lady Camden, who has been married seven years, has a little son, Lord Brecknock.

Lady Lugard.

Few living Englishwomen have had a more interesting career than has the

became intimately acquainted with South Africa; hence her much-discussed connection with the Raid, and her subsequent examination before the Parliamentary Commission formed to enquire into that mysterious matter. Since her marriage to the noted Colonial Administrator whose name she bears, Lady Lugard has bent her remarkable mind to the problems of Nigeria, and she is just publishing a book on the subject.

A Scene in "Gay Paree."

In one of the restaurants of "gay Paree" the other evening sat Mlle. Manon Lindor, known throughout the city for her cutting little wit. At a neighbouring table, a few feet away, was Fanny d'Agay. Now, in the dear, dead days of long ago, Fanny was the *femme-de-chambre* of Mlle. Manon, since when she has blossomed into a perfect lady of fashion. Now, Manon was quite aware of the proximity of Fanny, but her tip-tilted nose suggested a lofty indifference. This attitude of disdain did not please Fanny. She determined that Manon should know her. She crossed to her table, therefore, and said, in her sweetest voice and in the familiar second person singular, too, "And do you not remember me?" "Very well indeed," replied the imperturbable Manon. "I often regret you. I have never found anybody to black my boots like you could." The outraged Fanny threw herself at her former mistress, and it needed the whole personnel of the restaurant to prevent a scene of carnage. Manon has lost nothing of her reputation.

Lady Farrar.

Among South African hostesses who have won a place in exclusive county Society may be specially mentioned the clever wife of Sir George Farrar, D.S.O., one of the very few Rand millionaires who actually fought and bled for their country during the late war. Lady Farrar, who is the daughter of a distinguished officer belonging to the Indian Medical Service, has now been married for some thirteen years. She has a particularly delightful and characteristic English home in Buckinghamshire, Chicheley Hall, and she divides with her husband a love of sport and horses that amounts almost to a passion.



THE FIRST WOMAN TO JOIN "THE TIMES" STAFF: LADY LUGARD ("FLORA SHAW").

Photograph by Kate Pragnell.



AN IMPORTANT COUNTY HOSTESS: LADY CAMDEN.

Photograph by Kate Pragnell.

brilliant lady formerly known in journalistic and political circles as "Flora Shaw." Once a member of Mr. W. T. Stead's staff on the *Pall Mall Gazette*, she became in course of time the Colonial Specialist of the *Times*, being the first woman member of that paper's staff. While on the *Times* she travelled all over the world, and



A PROMINENT SOUTH AFRICAN HOSTESS: LADY FARRAR.

Photograph by Kate Pragnell.



GEORGE MEREDITH'S FAVOURITE DOG.

caused him to move to Givons, Leatherhead, the residence of his daughter, Mrs. H. P. Sturgis. No house could have a more beautiful situation. Jasmine, roses, and honeysuckle are George Meredith's delight, and it is these that, in their season, adorn the front of the place. To the right of the house, on a rather lower level, stands "the chalet" in which much of the novelist's work has been done, although of recent years its owner's age has caused him to abandon it. This, however, did not prevent Mr. Meredith paying regular visits to it, and it was while he was making one of these visits that his recent accident befell him. In view of the special deputation sent the other day to invest the famous writer with the Order of Merit, it is interesting to recall a remark attributed to him at a time when it was said he refused an honour ranking high in the world's estimation: "When I was young they would not look at me; now that I am old, they cannot honour me enough. Are these things of any use to me now?"

The Retirement of "Labby." The gaiety of the House of Commons will be lessened by the retirement of Mr. Labouchere.

In recent years he has been less sparkling than formerly, but he continued to entertain fellow-members in the smoking-room with his jokes and stories. He was always happiest when smoking a cigarette. Notwithstanding his chaff and banter, Mr. Labouchere was a serious politician and an uncompromising Radical. He did not always approve of his leader, and he tried to head a Lobby rebellion against Lord Rosebery; but he was true to his party when his party was true to its principles. Members of all parties will lose a cheery comrade by his withdrawal, and he will be greatly missed in his corner.



WHERE GEORGE MEREDITH LIVED UNTIL INTERVIEWERS CAUSED HIS REMOVAL TO GIVONS, LEATHERHEAD: FLINT HOUSE, BOX HILL.



FLINT HOUSE, BOX HILL, FROM "THE CHÂLET."

It was his privilege, since Mr. Dillwyn's day, to occupy the corner seat on the front Liberal bench below the gangway. That corner will in future be conceded to Sir Charles Dilke, who has not been invited to return to the front bench above the gangway. Mr. Labouchere was never in a Government, although a clever politician and a vivacious debater. Perhaps he was too lively for Mr. Gladstone—or too strong a hater of Courts.

George Meredith and Box Hill. At the foot of the evergreen Box Hill, close to the

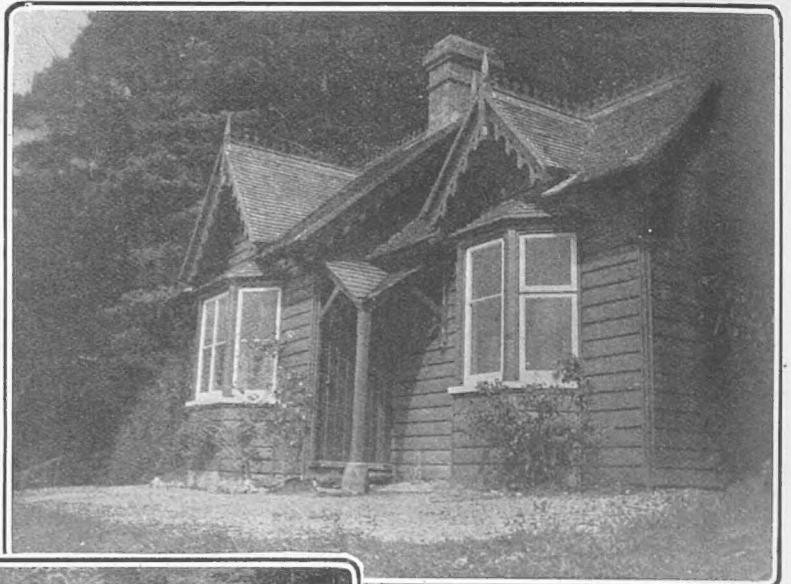
main highway from Leatherhead to Dorking, and standing well back from what is known as the Zig-zag Road, is Flint House, where George Meredith found the seclusion he loves, until the importunity of interviewers during his recent illness

The New Committees Chairman.

Mr. Emmott, who is nominated as Chairman of Committees of the House of Commons, has been a member only since 1899. He has a grave manner and is fond of saying "I am not one of those." In the Chair he will look well, for he is dignified. He is also imperturbable. His business is that of a cotton-spinner, and he has been Mayor of Oldham, which he and Mr. Churchill represent in Parliament. Mr. Churchill is seeking a seat elsewhere, but Mr. Emmott is standing again for his native borough.

The Fitzmaurices.

To a Fitzmaurice a Fitzmaurice succeeds. Lord Edmond has, after all, as we noted last week, obtained an appointment in the Government, and is going to the House of Lords, as Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs, to reply to the criticisms of his elder brother, the Marquis of Lansdowne.



WHERE GEORGE MEREDITH HAS DONE MUCH OF HIS WORK: "THE CHÂLET" IN THE GROUNDS OF FLINT HOUSE, BOX HILL.

This will be the only case in the Upper House of two brothers sitting on opposite sides. Lord Edmond Fitzmaurice will strengthen the Government bench in the House of Lords, for he is a very well-informed and experienced politician, and is a fluent debater who can talk for an hour without a note.

The New Ministry and Society.

The Prime Minister's final and minor appointments are more interesting to Society than were those to the Cabinet. Especially do the Lords-in-Waiting make a brave show: these Peers are almost to a man young, good-looking, and married. Lord Granville's father was for years an intimate friend of Queen

Victoria, and the new Lord-in-Waiting has inherited something of the noted statesman's urbanity of manner. Lord Denman's young wife is the leading hostess of the Liberal group to which he belongs, and is the only daughter of Sir Weetman Pearson.

Like as a Father—

The King of Denmark having lived to see one daughter Empress of Russia and another Queen Consort of England, one son King of Greece and a grandson King of Norway, Kaiser William has bethought himself, apparently, that his dynasty might be bettered by a broadening of base. So, if those who have an ear in the German Chancelleries be right, Brunswick, with his second son, Prince Eitel Frederick, as successor to the present Regent, is the sphere in which he purposes an inauguration of the plan. This rather cuts against the Bismarckian policy. The Iron Chancellor believed in the German devotion to the Fatherland as the Fatherland is personified by its several dynasties; and held that, were that personal allegiance shaken, Germany would fall prey to nations more closely welded. The rightful heir to the Ducal throne is, of course, the Duke of Cumberland, but inasmuch as he holds out for his right to the throne of Hanover, he is excluded from both. The late Duke of Cambridge was a nearer heir, but not accepted, for the reason that the stout old Anglicised Hanoverian would not relinquish his English appointments and residence. Brunswick has only fourteen hundred square miles, and a population less than that of Leeds, but it may yet play a new part in the story of Europe.

THE ELECTRIC TRAM AS AN IMPRESSIONIST.



LANDSCAPES OF CONDENSED AIR ON THE WINDOWS OF AN ELECTRIC TRAM.

Mr. George C. Haité writes us, under the date Dec. 14th: "Last evening, while travelling in one of the electric trams to Shepherd's Bush, I was so struck with the suggestion of landscapes made by the condensed air on the windows that I drew the conductor's attention to them and made most careful drawings of two. The long stems were caused to run a bit off the plumb-fall by the jolting of the car, and the blotches suggesting foliage were probably made by the passengers' elbows or hats brushing against the glass. It is, of course, not wonderful that such accidental occurrences should suggest a landscape, but it is indeed remarkable that all the windows should have suggested the same type of landscape. I have given them as they appeared in silhouette; it may interest your readers to see them, and may possibly serve as an incentive to others to record instances of a similar nature."



By E. A. B.

**Causing-Bank
Panics.**

The attempt of the Chinese to create a run on an English bank, a scheme of which we are all awaiting further details, is characteristically Chinese, one might say. But the mind of this gentle heathen is not the only one capable of inventing trouble for the bank. A certain Jew in London, suspected of having received stolen notes, was refused payment when he presented some of the suspects at a London bank. He took his facer quite calmly, went off to the City and reported that the bank in question had stopped payment. In verification of his story he showed his notes. Very soon there was a run on that bank, and the directors were only too glad to send out, find their calumniator, and give him the best of gold for his storied notes.

**China Saves a
Situation.**

John Chinaman at home can do the handsome thing as well as the rest of us. He saved a terribly awkward situation by his complaisance a few years ago, when stubbornness or stupidity would have meant war. The Italian Minister telegraphed from Rome to his Ambassador in Peking to prepare an ultimatum. Three hours' reflection determined him to take a different course, so he wired, cancelling the former message, and bidding the Ambassador suspend diplomatic action until further notice. The second message arrived first. The Italian Ambassador at once sat down and did as he thought he was directed to do. Diplomatic relations were broken off. This, of course, meant war—not the peace which Italy desired. Happily the mistake was discovered in time. The Ambassador repaired at once to the Chinese Government and begged for the return of his fateful message. John Chinaman was reasonable; the despatch was returned and declared forgotten.

**Voice of the
Absent.**

The suddenness with which the General Election is being precipitated upon us will have the effect of taking not a few members and candidates at a disadvantage, more especially in those far-scattered constituencies in the distant North. Like the Crown in all the Courts, the member or member-intendent is supposed to be present in every part of his constituency, no matter how far removed he be. The use of the gramophone or phonograph may be commended to the use of such. It was used with decided success by Mr. Bryan in his last fight; while the up-to-date gentleman at Cheltenham who introduced the method into England polled twice as many votes as his nearest opponent. The phonographed speech of the man unable to be present is the finest preventive of heckling in the world. It saves all such disturbing replies as that hurled at the man who was explaining—"I ask myself so-and-so." "Yes, and a darned foolish answer you'll get," came the thunderbolt.

Let us Pray!

Candidates who are counting the prospective cost of their campaigns may be wished better fortune than was that of their predecessors in days when to buy the votes of the free and independent electors counted not for shame either to those that bought or those that sold. One ingenious gentleman got the parish priest in an Irish constituency to preach a sermon on the eve of the election denouncing bribery and hinting how certainly perdition awaited the offenders. Next day, a deputation waited on the candidate to tell him that the price for their votes was raised, because of the fearful peril to which their souls were exposed through the sale of their votes.

An English candidate of peculiar religious views had a similar experience. A private meeting to which he was summoned commenced with the injunction of a puritanical-looking gentleman to "Let us pray!" Then they explained to their candidate that, as he did not believe in the Trinity, the fee for each vote must rise from five shillings to ten!

Impossible.

The anxiety for the general safety of London which the Charing Cross accident has inspired has not yet abated. Men cannot help thinking about those tubes and tunnels underground, and wondering whether we shall not all wake up some morning to find ourselves where our cellars ought to be. There was a similar feeling of alarm two or three years ago, and there have been many before. When railways first came in, every cleric thought his church would be shaken down by the vibration. It was the terror of one specially timorous rector which called forth the following assurance from James Smith, of the "Rejected Addresses":

Though a railroad, learned Rector,
Passes near your parish spire,
Think not, sir, your Sunday lecture
E'er will overwhelm'd expire.
Put not your hope in weepers,
Solid work my road secures;
Preach whate'er you will my
sleepers
Never will awaken yours.

A Valuable Dream.

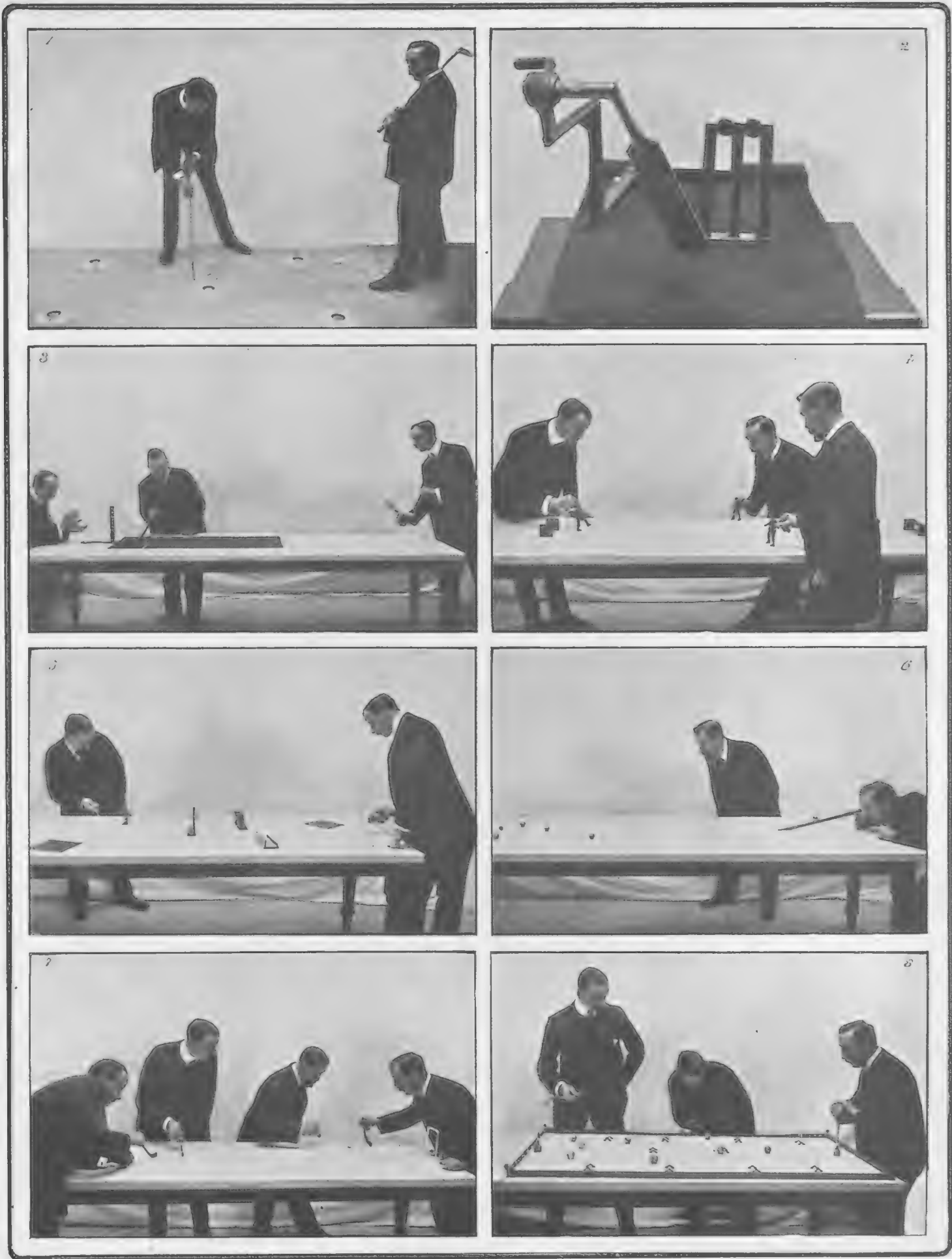
Recent cases in the Courts have contained references to dreams and premonitions not always to the advantage of those who appeared in the role of seer. One of a useful character was that dreamed on three successive nights by a Devonshire farmer, who pictured a pit dug upon his farm, and property of his cast into it. On the third night he arose and dressed, and went into his fields. He heard the thump, thump, thump of a spade, and saw a man digging by lantern-light. The digger fled at the approach of the farmer, who turned away for home. On his way back he met one of his maid-servants. She had had a desperate quarrel with her lover, she explained, but had been prevailed upon to meet him at two o'clock that morning, when he had something to show her. "This is what he had to show you," said the farmer, leading her to the newly dug pit. It was a grave which the farmer's dream had prevented the girl's occupying. Near it lay the spade which the man had been using, and a huge knife.



A PICTURE THAT ACTS AS A WEATHER-PROPHET: THE PAINTING BY PAUL VAGA, IN JASZ APATI, HUNGARY, WHICH DISAPPEARS WHEN RAIN COMES.

While a terrace was being built, a number of white chalk-like blocks were discovered, and with this material the artist Paul Vaga executed the picture here illustrated on a wall coated with brown oil-paint. A few days after the completion of the work, the weather turned wet, and it was found with horror that the picture had disappeared. Then the sun and the picture returned together, and it was realised that the supposed chalk was marly, which is most susceptible to climatic influence, and in this instance turned the exact colour of the brown wall on which it had been used directly it was affected by the damp.

OUTDOOR SPORTS AS INDOOR GAMES.



1. GOLF.

Played in almost the same manner as the outdoor game and with an ordinary club.

3. CRICKET.

Played with miniature bats and stumps.

5. GOLF.

A second form of the game for indoors.

2. CRICKET.

The bat is hinged to a metal stand.

4. FOOTBALL.

Played by metal figures, which raise one foot to kick a miniature ball.

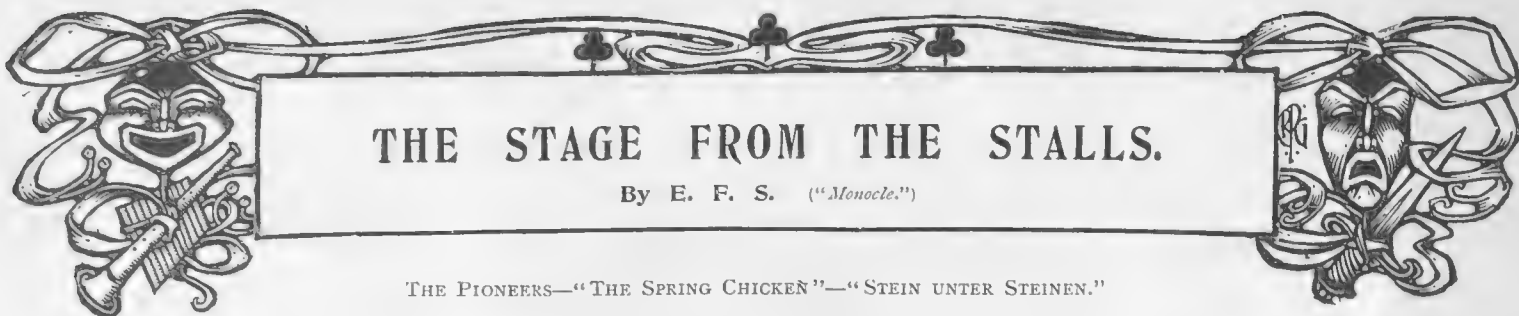
6. BOWLS.

7. HOCKEY.

8. CROQUET.

It is noticeable that practically every outdoor game can now be played indoors—granting, even, that “indoors” is represented by an ordinary room and not by Olympia. The displays at such firms as Gamage’s afford the fullest proof of the statement.

Photographs by the Clarke and Hyde Agency.



THE STAGE FROM THE STALLS.

By E. F. S. ("Monocle.")

THE PIONEERS—"THE SPRING CHICKEN"—"STEIN UNTER STEINEN."

ON Sunday, at the beautiful and comfortable theatre La Scala, a new society for the creation or resurrection of British drama made its bow to the world. Its title is "The Pioneers," a name which shows greater courage than that of the others, such as "The Independent Theatre Society," "The New Century Theatre Society," and "The Stage Society" that have apparently had similar aims. Let no one be deterred from joining the Society by its title, or imagine that its productions are going to be appallingly "advanced." There is no taint of modernity about it, no evidence of effort to exploit the morbid or wish to render life with unpleasant realism; indeed, if one may judge by the inaugural programme, it intends to make progress backwards. The chief play produced was called "The Firefly," and there was a wicked rumour in the house that the manuscript had been discovered in the ruins of the old "dust-hole" when it was being converted into the beautiful new theatre, and that it had been sent in during the vogue of "Diplomacy." Of course the rumour was a malicious slander, and no doubt Mr. William Toynbee's play is quite a modern attempt to write refined melodrama rendered *fin de siècle* by references to motor-cars. So we had a story beginning with a prologue, passing in a Russian prison, and a revolutionary lady as a heroine, who, though she has a noble nature, saves herself from Siberia by becoming a Russian police spy in London with a mission to steal Government papers, and, incidentally, deceive British Foreign Office employés; and she accepted the post the more gladly because her papa was an Englishman who had deceived and deserted her mamma. Of course she and the Foreign Office employé fell in love with one another, though—perhaps because—she had a husband, who even when he was alone with his wife talked in broken English; and of course she discovered the wicked English papa, who happened to be the British Ambassador in Paris, and she denounced him so vigorously that he suddenly became old and tottering, and produced a certificate of his marriage with her mother—that dear old certificate! The wicked husband of the heroine committed suicide, so she and the young Foreign Office employé, a gentleman of extraordinary drawing-room manners—or want of them—got married and lived happily ever after. The whole is written in language that nobody uses in real life, thank goodness! and if it had been a better specimen of its class such a conventional melodrama would have been produced by almost any manager with pleasure. It did not act well, and for this, I think, the players were blameless. "Hero and Heroine," with which the programme began, was a fairly amusing skit upon old Adelphi drama, rather heavily handled, and overmarked by evidence of a fear that its points might be missed. A good deal of it was funny, but there was a rather insulting air of terror lest we should fail to see the jokes concerning the now almost extinct types chosen for treatment. Miss Kate Cutler's burlesque performance as the heroine was quite clever and amusing.

The "Spring Chicken," at the Gaiety, has gone into the usual "revised edition" and emerged with several new songs and, if

possible, rather less plot and coherence than before. Miss Marion Winchester has joined the company, and, besides being a dancer of considerable grace, sings a little French song very prettily—a song, by the way, which would be better appreciated if Mr. Edmund Payne were not so funny in the background. Mr. Payne is in the happy position of the accepted wit who, like Jack Point, has but to say "Pass the mustard" and they "roar their ribs out": before him criticism is reduced to recording the fact that the audience laughs very much. Of the new songs, the most popular are "Regent Street," for Miss Connie Ediss; "Yes and No," for Miss Gertie Millar; and a sextet called "The Macshishe," which is not without a certain humour and vigour; but the old favourite, "Oh, so gently," as sung by Miss Olive Morrell, still remains the most agreeable effort of the evening. On the whole, even if "The Spring Chicken" does not soar higher than the standard of its predecessors, Gaiety audiences do not wait to make comparisons, which is a happy state of things for them and everybody concerned.



ON TOUR AS LUCY DALLAS IN "BEAUTY AND THE BARGE":
MISS DAGMAR WIEHE.

Photograph by Lafayette, Dublin.

recollect in any other play, are full of vigour. Perhaps one may doubt whether the German workmen manage to keep quite so spick-and-span as those upon the stage; on the other hand, one must once more recognise the strong instinct for art that compels Fräulein Russ and Fräulein Elsa Gademann, who acts admirably as Lore, to avoid any trace of improbable coquettishness in costume or coiffure.

The acting is excellent throughout, and the restraint shown by Herr Andresen as Beigler, until his moment of fury comes, enables him to create a very great effect, whilst his strange, quiet study of character is really impressive. Perhaps one ought to have a close knowledge of German life and character to appreciate fully the humour of Herr Georg Baselt as the comic workman who at times approaches closely to our old "comic relief" of melodrama. There are notably displayed in the performance the thoroughness and self-sacrifice, unfortunately uncommon in our theatres, which produce so high a general level as to prevent individual work being easily remarkable by its excellence.

The new Sudermann drama, "Stein unter Steinen," at the Queen Street Theatre, will not enjoy a "Magda" success, since it possesses no big star-part to attract the great actresses of the world, but in many respects is an abler work. It represents a class of drama rare with us, perhaps rare everywhere, in which an idea is combined with and expounded by a strong story. The psychological and moral aspect of the struggle back to the dignity of humanity made successfully by Jakob Biegler and Lore may be uninteresting to many a playgoer who will be thrilled by the story of their strife; and the idea involved in the pathetic character of the deformed girl Marie, who has to satisfy her strong maternal instinct by seeking the happiness of others, may be unnoticed by some who will be greatly touched by the part and the admirable acting of Fräulein Margarete Russ. The pictures of life in the German stonemason's yard, a basis for scenic effect and stage business that I do not

MAKE-UP MAKETH MAN.



MR. JAMES BLAKELEY AS BAGNOLET.
MR. JAMES BLAKELEY.

MR. GEORGE GRAVES AS GENERAL DES IFS.
MR. GEORGE GRAVES.
Photographs by Ellis and Walery.

MR. ROBERT EVETT AS GASTON RIGAUD.
MR. ROBERT EVETT.

HOUSEHOLD GODS.

XII.—EARL FITZWILLIAM.—WENTWORTH WOODHOUSE, NEAR ROTHERHAM, YORKSHIRE.

SPECIALLY WRITTEN AND ILLUSTRATED FOR "THE SKETCH" BY LEONARD WILLOUGHBY.

IT is only natural that a house of the size of Wentworth should contain many objects of interest. Even the building itself calls for attention for several reasons: architecturally, because it is one of the largest—if not the largest—residence in the kingdom; and historically, because it was once the home of the ill-fated Strafford, who spent the happiest and most peaceable years of his life there.

Wentworth stands in a very large park, close to Rotherham, in Yorkshire—a murky town, trading in iron, coal, corn, horses, cattle, and sheep. Those who have once seen this smoky place are not likely to feel the slightest desire to see it again, for it is difficult to find a redeeming quality in it. Long years ago, many years before the park and country around Wentworth became begrimed with the sulphurous smoke of Rotherham and surrounding collieries, a family named Wentworth, who took their name from the place, had settled there. By the sixteenth century the Wentworths had become of great importance in the county, and Sir Thomas Wentworth, afterwards the great Earl of Strafford, born in 1593, was then head of the family.

The Earl's grandson, the third son of Lady Rockingham, succeeded to the title, and assumed the name of Wentworth, and his son, the Earl of Malton, eventually became first Marquis of Rockingham. The second Marquis died without issue, and Wentworth then passed to his nephew, William, Earl Fitzwilliam, the eldest son of the Marquis's eldest sister. This ancient family had been settled at Sprotborough, in Yorkshire, from a very early date, and the head of a branch from the main stock was created a peer of Ireland by James I. The third Baron was made an Earl by George I., and the third Irish Earl became a Baron of Great Britain, and in 1746 Viscount Milton and Earl Fitzwilliam.

The Fitzwilliams have ever been famous as sportsmen, and hospitable to a degree, and in the late Earl's time, Wentworth was open to anyone to walk in and ask refreshment. Characteristic of the family's idea of hospitality, a cross once stood in the village of Sprotborough, and bore an inscription recording the bygone custom of the place:

Whoso is hungry
and lists well
to eate,
Let him come to
Sprotborough
for his meate;
And for a night
and for a day
His horse shall
have both corne
and hay,
And none shall
ask him when
he goeth away.

This cross was pulled down in 1520.

As regards Wentworth, the house as it now is was built by the first Marquis of Rockingham, who enclosed the older mansion in which the great Lord Strafford had delighted. The old erection was of red brick, but it has now a magnificent stone front over 600 feet in length, designed by Both, a well-known Prussian architect.

The "gods" at Wentworth are the pictures and sculpture, the pictures including some of the finest Van Dycks in England. The sitting-rooms chiefly used by Lord and Lady Fitzwilliam are on the

ground floor, and face the front. These consist of the Ship-Room, used as a small dining-room, the Painted Drawing-Room, and Low Drawing-Room—all opening one from the other out of the great pillared hall. But few of the household gods are down here; most are distributed about the State-Rooms and corridors upstairs. The Saloon is one of the most magnificent halls imaginable, being 72 ft. square, with inlaid marble floor, and having a gallery 10 ft. wide running round it. From here the State-Rooms lay right and left. On the right are the ante-room, the Van Dyck Room, and the Whistle-Jacket Room. On the left are the statuary-room, dining-room, and library. At the back of these, divided by a corridor, are the picture-gallery and billiard-room on one side of the Saloon; and on the other the chapel, occupying two floors, the smoking-room (the latter being downstairs) and Strafford's Room. In these rooms and corridors many of the household gods are kept, and amongst them are the prayer-book and Bible which Charles I. had with him on the scaffold. Here also are the chair made from the mulberry-tree planted by Shakspeare in his garden at Stratford-on-Avon, the wooden cross, a replica of the one which stood at Sprotborough, which was presented to the late Earl and Countess, on the celebration of their golden wedding, by the miners and workpeople employed on the estate, and two old black-jacks used for carrying up the home-brewed ale from the cellars—one for the servants'-hall and one for the dining-room.

In the chapel corridor is the old Sedan chair used by Charlotte Ponsonby—daughter of William, Earl of Bessborough—wife of William, fourth Earl Fitzwilliam, 1750-1822. Close to it is the beautiful Rockingham Vase, measuring some 3 ft. 6 in. in height, made at the Rockingham Works at Swinton. In the Whistle-Jacket Room, amongst many objects of art, is an exquisite porcelain vase, which was bought at the Exhibition of 1851. Then in the billiard-room, in addition to the table which belonged to the great Lord Strafford, there are two pictures of great interest, one of Bay Malton—by Sampson, dam Old Cade—painted by Stubbs. This horse was owned by the second Marquis of Rockingham, and beat Gimcrack on the only occasion on which it was beaten. Hewon the £70,000 with which his master built the stables at Wentworth. The other picture is the Hunt picture by Hopkins and Havell. This was presented to the late Earl by the members of his Hunt on the occasion of his Golden Wedding in 1888. In a frame is Bay

Malton's shoe, and this is about the thickness only of a shilling. Amongst the heads of bison, elk, and deer, as well as statuary and old oak-chests, is a carved oak settee which belonged to Sir William Fitzwilliam, of Milton. This knight was eminent for his great services in Ireland for forty years, and in addition was Constable of Fotheringay Castle, where Mary Queen of Scots was under his care.



A PORCELAIN VASE, BOUGHT AT THE EXHIBITION OF 1851 BY THE LATE EARL FITZWILLIAM.



THE SOUTH FRONT OF WENTWORTH WOODHOUSE, WHICH IS OVER A FURLONG IN LENGTH.

HOUSEHOLD GODS.

XII.—EARL FITZWILLIAM.—WENTWORTH WOODHOUSE, NEAR ROTHERHAM, YORKSHIRE.



A Picture of a Hunt, by W. H. Hopkins and E. Havell, presented to the late Lord Fitzwilliam on the occasion of his Golden Wedding, September 1888. There are shown in it Bayard, ridden by Lord Fitzwilliam; Nigel, ridden by Lady Alice Fitzwilliam; Katrine, ridden by Lady Albreda Fitzwilliam (now Lady Albreda Bourke); and Provost, ridden by the Huntsman. The foremost hounds, reading from left to right, are Regulus, Guardian, Helpmeet, Chanticleer, Vanguard, and Sparkler.

2. A fine old Oak Settee.

3. A wooden reproduction of the old Sprotborough Cross.

4. The Bible and Prayer-book carried to the scaffold by Charles I., presented to the Earl of Malton, who was made first Marquis of Rockingham in 1746. The box which holds them was made from a part of the bed of the first Earl of Strafford's billiard-table, which, in renovated form, is now in use at Wentworth.

5. A fine Vase, supposed to have been made at the Rockingham Works at Swinton, and bearing a painting of Don Quixote charging a flock of sheep.

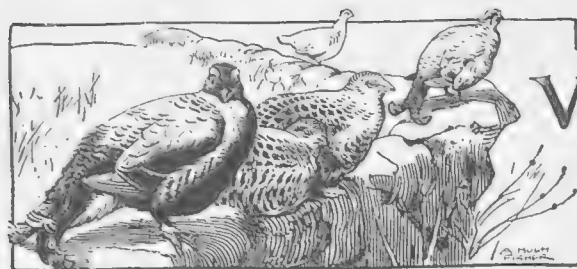
6. Two fine old Black-jacks, used for carrying home-brewed beer from the cellars to the servants'-hall and the dining-room. These were evidently well used, for the household accounts for 1810, or thereabout, give the average amount spent on milk as 1s. 4d. per month, and the amount spent on beer in the same period as considerably over £100.

7. A Sedan Chair used by Charlotte Ponsonby, daughter of William, Earl of Bessborough, wife of the fourth Earl Fitzwilliam.

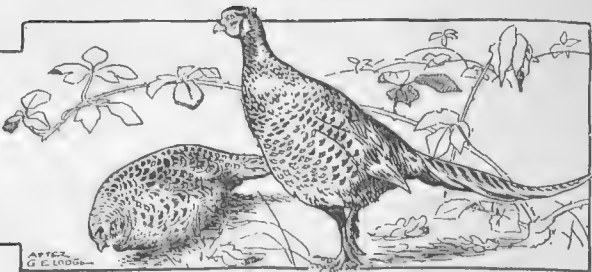
8. Bay Malton's Shoe, which is kept in the billiard-room under a painting of Bay Malton; it is of about the thickness of a shilling, and is curiously grooved.

9. A Chair made from the wood of a mulberry-tree planted by Shakspeare in his garden at Stratford-on-Avon.

Photographs by Leonard Willoughby.



WEEK-END PAPERS



By S. L. BENSUSAN.

Birds Going Back.

The other day while out shooting I found myself at lunch-time suffering from gun headache, due, probably, to a long spell of London and the lapse of a fortnight since the last day's sport. Not feeling quite prepared to face any more warm corners, and knowing that there were at least two to be negotiated during the afternoon, I asked permission to go with the beaters, and obtained it, together with instructions to shoot cock birds going back. The experience was for me a distinctly novel one, but, from the point of view of the observer of wild life, more interesting than that which awaited the guns, who rested on their shooting-seats in a great patch of yellowed bracken beyond the long stretch of plantation to which the birds had been shepherded in the earlier day, and from whence it was our duty now to dislodge them. It was curious to watch the actions of the pheasants. Some crouched, and were doubtless passed over, for we were rather short of beaters; a few got up fairly wild, and went out of the wood at once in the desired direction; most ran to the wire-fencing and rose there; but many, who had probably passed a line of guns before, came right back over the beaters, and few of these responded to the gun's imperious summons to stop. It is one thing to bring down a pheasant when he sails out into the open, not quite sure why he has been disturbed; it is another to arrest his flight when he goes back hard over the beaters' line. Now he is lost among tree-tops, now protected by branches, now showing the tail-feathers and a few of the wing's primary quills, and at most giving such chance as is offered when he crosses a narrow "ride" at full speed, and shows his many perfections from head to tail for some tiny fraction of a minute.

The Pheasant as a Sporting Shot.

upon the sights that upon shooting tame fowl. I have missed too many pheasants to agree with these critics, and realise the large measure of skill that is required, not so much to shoot a pheasant as to shoot one properly; for, after all, your skilled shot does not admit more of the bird for a mark than the neck and head, and is not pleased to bring to earth a pheasant that is worthless for the table, or even to leave one flying to safety without the aid of his tail-feathers. But, allowing for good shooting, the fact remains that birds driven out of a wood on to guns do not afford fair sport to men who are in anything like practice. If a record bag is the desideratum—and all too often the desire to make records enters into shooting arrangements—birds are often shot without getting any chance at all. I have seen many a pheasant shot at a fifteen-yard range, and some sent to kingdom come

at even less distance from the gun; but the most sportsmanlike way to shoot a pheasant is to take him, if possible, when he is absolutely in full flight, and this is best done by having the birds carefully driven to some covert at a fair distance from their usual resorts, and then sent back to the home wood over a double line of guns. If there be any favouring wind, the birds come home with a good grace, and the man who can arrest the flight of a fair proportion of them has no occasion to trouble himself about the comments of the inexperienced.



A BRITISH TREE THROUGH WHICH A COACH-AND-FOUR CAN BE DRIVEN: THE GREENDALE OAK IN WELBECK PARK.

The carriage-way through the Greendale Oak was cut in 1774, to settle a bet made by the first Duke of Portland that there was a tree in his grounds large enough to drive a coach-and-four through. It is estimated that the oak is fifteen hundred years old.

Photograph supplied by Lilian M. Roper.

A Valuable Experience.

I remember some couple of years ago going down to a friend's place to stay for the first day of the pheasant-driving. Arriving two days before the great event, I went out in the evening round the woods, where the pheasants were almost as tame as they were plentiful, and suggested facetiously that if two men whose attendance was not certain did not turn up in time for the shoot, one or two beaters should carry salt through the woods and sprinkle some over the pheasants' tails. I felt sure that in that way we should add considerably to the bag. To this suggestion there was no other reply than a slight smile. The big day started with a long walk round outlying farms, and as it was bright and sunny, a good bit of ground-game was secured, together with a few pheasants that hung about the hedge-rows. These birds, rising up and flying straight away from the guns, had, of course, no chance at all of getting away. But when we came to the drive before lunch, and the eight guns were in triple line—two rows of three, and the two best shots of the party behind these—I began to realise that things were not to be as simple as I imagined. The small plantation from which the pheasants came back to the wood was, I imagine, about two hundred yards away from our line, and the birds came over the guns in full sail. They seemed in most cases to be going through the air without movement of wings; and to add to our difficulties, word had gone out that no hens were to be

shot. When the beaters had flushed the last lot—and they had done their work very well, never sending too many over the guns at once—I was in a very chastened mood. "If you still think you would like to try that salt," said my friend to me, *sotto voce*, as we walked back side by side to lunch, "you can have all you require." The lesson was a valuable one, and it has not been necessary to repeat it. There seems to be a growing tendency among sportsmen to seek difficult shots, but always shots that are hard in reference to the bird's pace rather than its distance. To kill a quick flyer within a thirty-yards range

and to leave birds outside that range severely alone seems to me to be the shooting-man's most modern development. I write with diffidence, for I seldom shoot driven pheasants more than half-a-dozen times in the season.



A TWENTIETH-CENTURY PLAGUE OF LOCUSTS: TREES IN SAIGON HIDDEN BENEATH A SWARM OF THE INSECTS.

When drought comes the locusts leave their usual haunts and seek food in more fertile districts. Hence the plagues of locusts with which the districts north of the Sahara, certain parts of North America, and the Argentine are visited periodically. Saigon had its plague recently, and the insects were so numerous there that the leaves of the trees were hidden by them, and the branches bowed beneath their weight in such a manner that they had the appearance of "weeping."

ORIGINS OF MODERN ETIQUETTE.

(According to a "Sketch" Historian.)



I.—WHY IT IS NOW USUAL FOR A LADY TO ENTER A ROOM BEFORE HER ESCORT.

This custom originated in the eleventh century, when, assassination being unhealthily frequent, married men courteously encouraged their wives to go before them.

DRAWN BY LAWSON WOOD.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

TO an American journal Mr. Max Pemberton contributes a fresh and interesting article on "The Tendencies of English Fiction." He thinks that there can be no doubt whatever that where public success is at stake it is the romantic novel or the novel with some scientific imaginative idea which is most welcome to the booksellers. The public cares very little about life as a whole, but a good deal about life as Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, Mr. Jacobs, or Mr. Wells may see it. The same reasons which send the City man to his stall at the Gaiety compel him when upon a railway journey to purchase "Captains All" or the last edition of "Raffles." It would need a Sherlock Holmes to find the idealist who starves in a garret for the sake of his art nowadays. Men write to make money. The majority gives that for which it believes the public is waiting. Nor may we justly blame it in an age which makes barons of its brewers and crowns with the richest laurel the financier's blushing brow.

As to the future, Mr. Pemberton says there is no longer an age of character. "If a new Dickens arose, where would his characters come from? People are all alike as two peas. If greatness comes among us it will remain great in its breadth of vision, discerning the vital things neither in individual eccentricity nor in ingenuity of plot; but in despair of humanity, in pity, and in darkness. The flowery path must be trodden by others less gifted, less moved to truth by their art, indifferent to any other aim than that which is rewarded by the popular applause." The popular novelist, according to Mr. Pemberton, has no illusions. "The facts stare him in the face every day and all days. Publishers, libraries, readers cry out, 'Amuse us!' and the answer is written in the best selling novels of the day. There is peace in Eldorado, and so it is in the romantic novel, whether of our own time or of the past, that the coming author will make his reputation." This is perhaps too pessimistic a view, for, after all, Mrs. Humphry Ward has her multitude of purchasers; and in these days to purchase is to read.

While in England the demand for fiction steadily increases, we are told that in America the lover of literature is having his chance. He is no longer deafened by the cries of the market-place shrilly proclaiming the merits of "the great American novel," and has a chance for his life in the shops where the story of the hour was formerly sold by the cord. The biography and the essay are being cultivated in America.

Among the books of the season is a work which many German critics regard as the most adequate account of Goethe. Dr. Albert Bellschowsky, its author, has devoted the last ten years of his life

entirely to this biography, of which the first volume appeared in 1895 and the second in 1902. The special feature of this attempt to tell the story of Goethe's life is the fullness with which it presents what Goethe himself happily described as the naïve details of a quiet life, and makes clear the intimate connection between the personal experiences of the poet and his work. I have previously suggested in these columns that a reissue of Lewes' *Life of Goethe* brought up to date would be very welcome. After all, Lewes' book is incomparably the most vivid and readable account of the great German, though much new material has come to light since his day.

To the *Hampstead Annual* for 1906, Professor Sully contributes a sketch of his old friend James Cotter Morison. Morison is not forgotten. He is still remembered as the author of a *Life of St. Bernard*, and the volumes on Gibbon and Macaulay in Mr. John Morley's famous series, and of "The Service of Man." But so far as I am aware, no attempt has yet been made to describe his life. He was the son of the inventor of the once well-known pills, and was brought up in Paris. His mother, who must have been much in advance of her time, had the idea that education was altogether unnecessary, seeing that it never made stupid people clever, while those who were clever would take up learning for themselves. Morison, however, became tired of perpetual holiday, and went to Oxford. His mother so interfered with the regularity of his course that he only took his degree nine years after matriculation. While he was at the University, he did his best to console her by writing every day, the single omission to do so bringing her up in a state of alarm. He ultimately settled in Montague Place, and kept an open luncheon-table for visitors at the British Museum. Thus he fulfilled a very useful function; and he did it to admiration,

being essentially hospitable and an excellent talker. George Meredith was one of his most familiar friends. Ultimately he removed to Fitzjohn's Avenue, in Hampstead, where he was able to make Meredith more closely acquainted with those virtues of the Hampstead air on which he is still fond of enlarging. At Hampstead he knew Besant, Du Maurier, and other notable figures, and he did as much work as suited his robust love of life and his large appetite for social pleasures. Some years before death came he knew that he was held in the grip of an incurable disease, and he was never able to complete his projected *magnum opus* on a certain period of French history. In religion he adhered to Positivism, and Mr. Sully says "There can be no doubt that the spiritual and mystic side of the man found something congenial in the idea of a Church beautified with a touch of the Catholic ritual, and turning worshipful eyes whither the historian's eyes are by preference turned—to the past and to the immortal dead."

O. O.



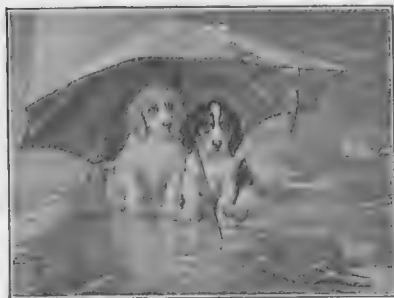
DRAWN BY FRED BUCHANAN.

IN THE FOG.

Old Gentleman: "Constable, I should be glad if you would help me. I'm afraid I've lost my way."
Constable: "Lorst yer way? Why, that's nothin'. I've lost my bloomin' beat!"

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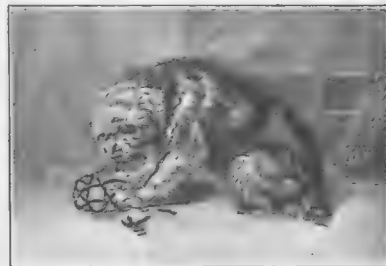
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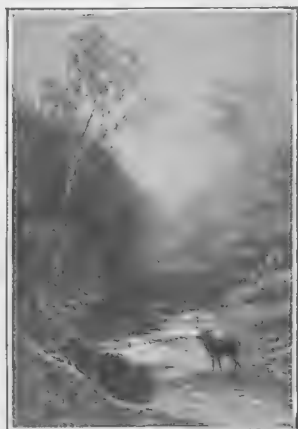
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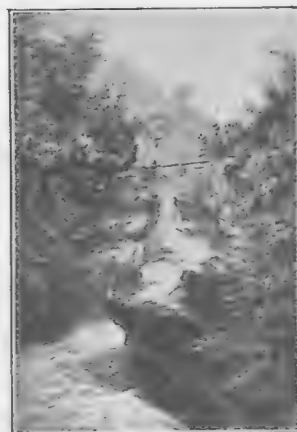
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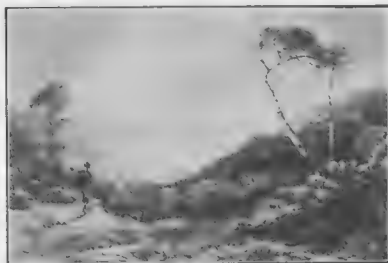
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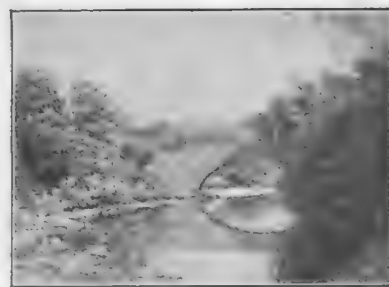
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TO SEE OURSELVES AS OTHERS SEE US.



IV.—MR. JOSIAH MUGG—AS HE FELT WHEN HE DENOUNCED THE POLICY OF THE WHOLE OF THE PRESENT MINISTERS, AND AS HE ACTUALLY APPEARED ON THAT OCCASION.

DRAWN BY JOHN HASSALL.

NEW COVERS FOR OLD SONGS :

I.—"ALL SOULS' DAY."



*"Give me your hand, that I may press it gently;
And if the others see, what matter they?"*

DRAWN BY G. L. STAMPA.

A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

THE GHOST THAT DIDN'T: A MODERN TALE.

By HILL ROWAN.

IT was twelve o'clock on a dreary night. Through a hundred chinks in the old walls of Bleakleigh Towers the wind shrieked dismally. It was the one night in the year when, it was rumoured on the countryside, the ancestral ghost appeared to the reigning Duke and revealed some dreadful secret of his family.

And the young Duke of Bleakleigh sat waiting for it. With a ten-shilling cigar between his fingers, a fifty-guinea dressing-gown wrapped loosely round him, he lounged on the two-hundred-guinea sofa and waited.

Not that he was frightened. He was too much preoccupied for that. For this was the last night of his ownership of Bleakleigh Towers. All was lost. The ducal income had shrunk to a mere five hundred thousand a year. The hundred thousand necessary for the annual upkeep of the castle—the painting and upholstering essential for the barest comforts of life—could no longer be spared. The stud of motor-cars had been cut down to twenty. Retainers had been dismissed one by one until but sixty hung mournfully about the estate.

The moment ruin had set in the Duke had offered to break off his engagement with the young Lady Stoneleigh—for he was a gentleman of honour, and could not bring a helpless, delicate girl to share the privations of a narrow income—and go out into the cold world as company-director, Ambassador, or Colonial Governor on a pittance of a few thousand a year; for a Bleakleigh never thought it dishonour to throw off his coat, if need should arise, and work side by side with any Archbishop or Prime Minister.

And she—for she had become engaged to him for his money—nobly and frankly released him from his engagement.

And so it came about that it was his Grace's last night at Bleakleigh. From the jewelled decanter he poured out a glass of the forty-shilling liqueur brandy and lit another half-sovereign's worth of cigar. Heigho! it would soon be only Heidsieck and Mumm and a common rented house in Park Lane!

What was that?

Above the rising storm and the beating of the rain a sound of footsteps could be heard in the corridor.

The ghost!

It was! The door slowly opened of its own accord, and closed again, but not before it had admitted a silent, shadowy, thin white figure, which right through its body showed the pattern of the wallpaper.

It moaned.

But a blasé, well-educated man of the world like the Duke of Bleakleigh, trained every hour of his life to repress his feelings, could hardly be expected to show excitement.

He laid down the liqueur-glass, rose politely, and, adjusting his cravat, observed—

"I imagine—I presume you're the—in fact, the ghost. It's your night, isn't it?"

Here the apparition shrieked and waved its right arm.

"You always do that, don't you?" said the Duke. "What the object of it is I never could see; still, I suppose you've got to go through it."

The spirit howled again.

"I don't want to seem inhospitable," remarked his Grace, "but I'm rather busy to-night. I'm giving the place up and all that sort of thing; so if you could—"

"Soul!" spoke the apparition solemnly, "I have a message for thee. On this night in the year it is my task to leave the tomb and come—"

"I know what you mean," said his Grace, looking slightly bored in spite of his polite efforts not to show it. "I read it up in the family records some time ago, though I've forgotten it since, don't you know; it was so awfully dull."

Apparently in surprise, the ghost let fall his dead white cloak and revealed a remarkably handsome young man clad in armour.

"Why, you're not frightened!" he exclaimed.

"Why should I be?" asked the Duke, sinking back on the sofa again and relighting his cigar. "You haven't done anything yet. As for waving your arms about and shrieking, you can do that as much as you like."

"All the others fainted or went out of their minds," argued the ghost, "and the family gave out I had told them some horrible secret."

"Probably to improve their position in Society," added the Duke. "Nothing like a secret of some sort for that. However, sit down, won't you? By-the-bye, I don't know who you are."

"Your great-great-grandfather. Do you mind?"—here he began to take off his armour—"it's so hot with these things on near the fire—and I never wear them except in business hours. I was shot in that quarrel over cards with the Marquis of Cheate. I've been waiting for a chance like this for a century."

"A chance?"

"Yes, I've been trying to see one of the family about something, and I can't get near them. Socially, ghosts are absolutely boy-cotted," he said wearily as he sank into an easy chair with a rattle of bones.

"It must hurt you rather?"

"It does. If a man can't haunt his own castle, I ask, where is British law and justice?"

"It would hardly do to have a crowd of ancestors hanging about the place, would it?" argued the Duke—"and moaning."

"That's only the murdered ones. It's the only way we have of getting back on the people who have shot us. A suit of armour, a few chains, and you frighten the man all to pieces. It's one of our perquisites."

"So you're really lonely?"

"Lonely's hardly the word for it. Has a ghost no feelings?"

"It hits those Johnnies who write Christmas stories," said the Duke thoughtfully. "I shall never care for one again."

"How you've let the place run to seed!" exclaimed the apparition. "I've been looking round it the last few nights, and it's simply beggarly! How many of the bedrooms do you use?"

"Only sixty-five; I've had to have most of the house shut up."

"I never saw anything like it in my life—in my death, I mean," added the apparition, correcting himself hastily. "By-the-bye, what curious lamps you use! How do you get the oil through a small wire like that?"

"Those are electric-lights," explained the Duke. "They were invented since you were shot by a common man somewhere in America. Have a cigar?" He proffered a diamond-studded box.

"No, thanks," said the apparition. "I have never smoked since my funeral. It saddened me greatly."

"Can't I do anything for you?"

"Nothing; except to see about having the churchyard wall repaired. The draught there is scandalous. And you aren't frightened?"

"No; why should I be?" answered the reigning Duke, with a blasé air. "I never heard of ghosts doing any harm; they only shove their arms about and howl, and that sort of thing. What their object is I can't imagine."

"Rather takes the wind out of my sails—knocks the bottom out of the whole affair," said his ancestor. "The fact is, we couldn't do anything more if people stood their ground. How could a man who is transparent do much harm?"

"See through him too easily," said his Grace, venturing on a pun in a way unusual in the Peerage.

"Well, if you refuse to go mad or turn your hair white, it leaves me hardly anything to do. I've been avoided so much by everyone, I've lost all my small talk."

"You've got the people in the churchyard, haven't you?"

"They're so horribly common. Why, Giles the chandler is next to our vault—and he's so pushing!"

"I take little interest in the matter," said his Grace, wearily. "I'm giving up the place."

"Giving it up—after we've had it fifteen hundred years! Whatever for?"

"Can't keep it up. My rents have fallen to five hundred thousand, and I have to let it to a rich man."

"But that's exactly what I came to tell you about!" exclaimed the deceased Duke. "I wanted to show you where those Bleakleigh deeds are hidden. If you find them you have an income again at once."

"The Bleakleigh deeds—I should think so! Put me on to them at once—look alive!"

"I can hardly do that," put in the ghost; "but I'll show you where they are. Five hundred thousand a year!—you *had* come pretty low!"

"Where are they?"

"Here," said the apparition, touching a hidden spring in a painting on the wall. "Give them to your solicitor in the morning and the thing is done."

"But why didn't you tell me before?"

"I tried to, as I said; but one man went insane with fear, and the other turned mauve and died shortly afterwards. Hardly a compliment to one's appearance—what?"

"Wait—it's too late!" exclaimed the Duke. "It's no use—I've let the estate for twenty years; the lease is signed."

"Soon manage that. I'll haunt the place for a week or two, do some groaning, wave my arms over a few of the beds, and the new tenant will be only too glad to give the estate up, and pay you a lump sum down for breach of contract. As he's a rich man he's sure to have an uneasy conscience."

"Saved!" exclaimed his great-great-grandchild, springing up. "You are a Bleakleigh! They always stood by each other."

"Hush!" said his ancestor.

The church clock struck one.

"My time is up," he said; "business hours, you know—see you again—this day next year."

He moved away across the five-hundred-guinea carpet and vanished.

THE END.

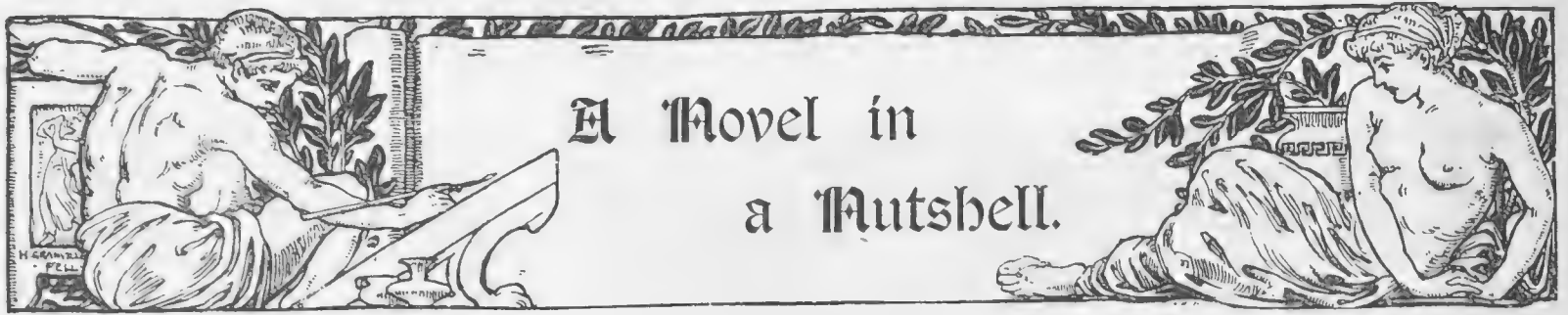
"LIGHTS ON"—NOT AT THE WALDORF.



THE HUMANE DENTIST: And will you have gas, Madam?

THE CAUTIOUS PATIENT: Well, you don't suppose I'm going to let you tinker about in the dark, do you?

DRAWN BY STARR WOOD.



A Novel in a Nutshell.

THE FUNERAL OF NOT-WORTH-A-DINGUS.

BY E. B. OSBORN.

THE knave and the fool sat together on the rail-fence over against the half-open door of Old Man Marceille's shack. There was a throbbing glow of fire-light in the opening. Through a symphony of domestic noises—the jingle-jangle of cutlery, the tuneless tuneful thud of plates cast on a wooden table, and so on—ran the drone note of the kettle boiling in a hurry. Also a grandiose smell of the frying of pork cutlets pervaded the dusk, and caused the hungry syndicate of sinners on the fence to smile sardonically with bared teeth—because not even the consciousness of wounded pride could prevent them from wrinkling their noses. It seemed to Gash Kelly and Not-Worth-a-Dingus Basherville that all nature was as hungry as they—that the stars in the violet sky and the tall weeds by the doorway were as conscious as themselves of the apotheosis of the pig which they had refused to help kill. In the circumstances they were willing to forgive words spoken in haste and in forgetfulness of the deference due to full-blooded Anglo-Saxons from a French half-breed. They were not the men to cherish a grudge, not they! Let the old man come out again and press them to stay for supper, and they would accept a little roast pork in lieu of a verbal apology.

The door was flung wide open, and Old Man Marceille appeared on the doorstep. His white hair shone like silver in the firelight, and he would have looked like a saint in a sunlit church-window—if the long trade-gun had been left out of the picture. As the gun went up to his shoulder, Gash and Not-Worth-a-Dingus abandoned the fence, dismounting on the far side. The old man drew a bead on them, and spoke as follows—

"G'way, g'way off-s my farm! Tam to g'way, dirty fellers! Eat my grub an' drink my whisky blanc fifteen days, an' do not work, an' refuse Madame li'lle favour of a li'lle wood chopped—an' refuse me li'lle favour help kill pig. Lazy, dirty fellers, g'way queeck! Queeck, or I pull the gun. G'way—wha' you call git! Git!"

At first it was an orderly and dignified retreat—a departure more in hunger than in anger. But when the gun was fired into the air and they heard the duck-shot pattering in a willow-patch near at hand, panic smote them in the hinder parts, and they ran—ran like the arrant cowards they were known to be. Five minutes of floundering across a roughish country brought the pair of rascals to the beaten trail which takes you to or from the Steep Creek Post Office. They flung themselves, panting, on the bank by the trailside.

What manner of men are these? They belonged, and had for years belonged, to the class of "prairie derelicts"—the hopeless and helpless do-nothings of the vast land of hope and self-help beyond the Great Lakes. In former days Gash Kelly had gambled for a living. But some friends whom he had met in one of the little pleasure-cities on the Minnesota side of Red River—it is a prohibition country on the Dakota bank—had knocked him playfully on the head and thrown him out of the house into a snowdrift on a twenty-below-zero night. The result was the loss of two fingers and a thumb by frost-bite, which compelled him to retire from his profession. In time he drifted across the boundary-line and into the Saskatchewan country, where, unable to buy new clothes or even a railway ticket, he was obliged to stay. His only asset was a collection of very tall anecdotes; so long as these were novelties in the outlying settlements, he could be sure of a contemptuous welcome in the slack seasons of the year. He had a trick of appearing at a farm-house just when the owner had obtained a little "cash papier" by the sale of a steer or bunch of sheep or what-not. This power of smelling out money caused him to be considered as a satellite of Luck, whom it was advisable to conciliate—by the gift of a dollar bill, or even a V, if the bargain had been very profitable. "I al'ays invest a trifle in poor old Gash," explained one of these givers, "'cause then I think the Devil's had his doo, and maybe the luck won't change too sudden." As he was often on the trail, his services as a messenger were in request—until experience proved that it was not safe to trust him with money or letters, or even a verbal message, which he would try to twist to his own advantage. But what caused him to be cast out of white men's society in the end was the instinctive hatred felt for him by all women and children. Women hated the sight of his wide, thick-lipped mouth, which looked like a wound, and was the origin of

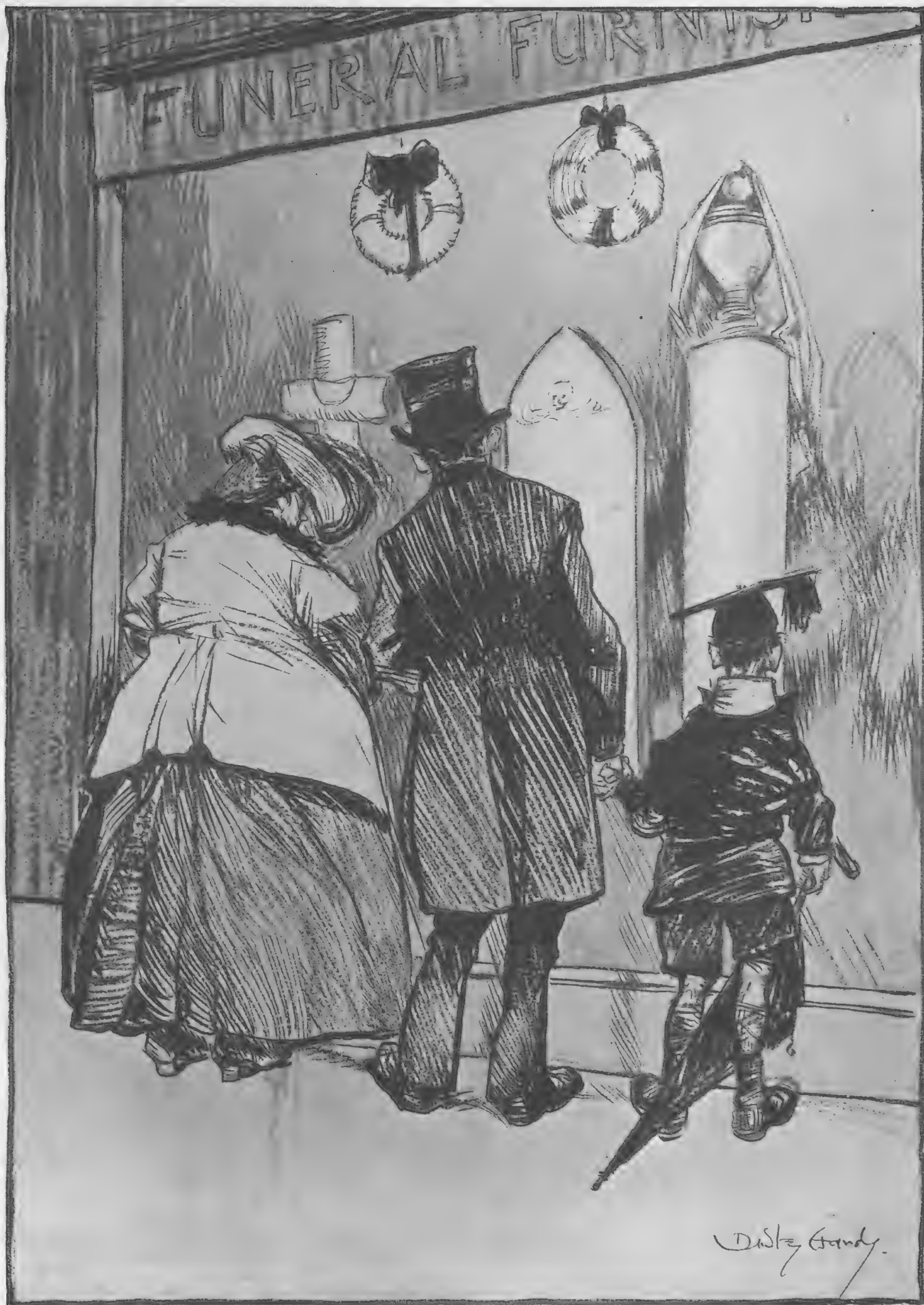
his nickname. The more polite he was—and to the very last he could turn a compliment gallantly enough—the more they loathed him. Perhaps the presence of a spot of negro blood in his being is an explanation of this otherwise inexplicable hostility of half the world. Anyhow, it was this hostility, shown in a thousand petty insults and slights, which thrust him down by degrees into the lowest plane of Saskatchewan life and made of him that most abject of Western characters—a would-be crook reduced to exist as a mere hobo. It is to his credit that he never quite lost a certain polysyllabic elegance of speech—not only the lips, but also what comes from them may be evidence of negro blood—and never despaired of one day pulling off a swindle which would give him enough ready money to buy a ticket to his native town in Minnesota.

No such ambition ever stirred the grey matter in the brain of Not-worth-a-Dingus Basherville. There was no star of *vivida vis* in his personality, or, to translate the Latin into the language of the high prairies, he was entirely lacking in "grit," "git," or "git-up." In the beginning, when he left a country parsonage to live an open-air life, his one and only obvious vice was an effortless indolence. He could not work with brain or hands. People who misunderstood him said he would not work; they did not see that the mainspring of volition had been omitted in setting him up. Time was when he had tried to enter the Army by the back-door of the Militia, and it is recorded that he spelt his name in three different ways on the papers he handed in on the occasion of his first and last examination. He could not play games, he could not even read a novel; the capacity of absorbing a moderate quantity of beer was his only accomplishment. His parents came to the conclusion that there was only one country in the world where he would be certain to make his fortune—the great North-West, where men are so few that land is given away. So they enlisted him in the army of British pioneers, paid the cost of his journey to the front of humanity's warfare with the Powers of the Wilderness, and saw him off from the wharf at Liverpool, with fifty pounds in his pocket. Thirty-two pounds remained to him when he reached Quebec, nineteen when he left Winnipeg, eight when he arrived at the chief market-town of Saskatchewan and put up at the dearest hotel. On the very first evening of his stay there he lost all his money—to Gash Kelly. That was the beginning of his one friendship, which, strange to say, broke the speed of his pre-ordained descent from respectability. Had he been left to himself he would have rolled down to bed-rock in two years, or three at most. As it was, that friendship prolonged the time of his falling to six years. The partnership of the fool and the knave is the world's spider—the figure-of-eight incubus in every web of shaken circumstance. Whenever and wherever a heel is set on the Thing, our only regret is expressed in the words, "The poor fool!" But, since the fool gains most; it might be better to say, "The poor knave!"—and, best of all, to say nothing. Thanks to Gash, six years passed before the West, the most charitable as it is the most intolerant of social organisms, decided that the value of young Basherville was not equal to that of the wedge of wood placed between the pickets of a fence to support the heavy bottom rail—that he belonged to the order of prairie derelicts who are "not worth a dingus." In a singular way, Gash and Not-Worth-a-Dingus were the complements of one another. All the women loathed Gash, all the men hated his English friend. On the other hand, the men could see no great harm in the broken gambler, while the women were never hard on Not-Worth-a-Dingus. In the days when they no longer owned even a horse and buckboard, and became like the beasts which perish and must be self-portable—here is the Western definition of the beast-like man—and are the bond-slaves of distance, this difference of judgment was turned to good account in matters of business. The one begged from the master of the house, the other from the mistress—and both got a trifle now and then. But the game was not good for ever.

In navigators' charts of the Atlantic are seen here and there tiny red ships—red is danger's colour—each drifting along a trail of dates. Some of these undying unclassed vessels float with masts erect. But others drift keel up, their masts pointing to the mile-deep ooze of the ocean floor. So with the human derelicts of Verandrye's ocean of

[Continued overleaf.]

WINDOW-GAZING ON A BANK HOLIDAY.



AND YET THE FRENCH SAY THAT WE TAKE OUR PLEASURES SADLY!

DRAWN BY DUDLEY HARDY.

prairie-grasses—it is not all of these that float with head erect (like Gash Kelly) through the tear-salt vicissitudes of the tramp's life.

By this time Gash and Not-Worth-a-Dingus had caught back their breath.

"B'gosh," cried Gash, "Old Man was for blue murder! How'd it be to sneak back an' conflagrate his stacks? Heh?"

"Wouldn't help us to a supper," groaned his companion, "and I take no hand in such a game. I ain't been jailed yet, and——"

"You're an English gentleman," said Gash, with bitter sarcasm, "an' must behave as such. Me, I'm a man as ain't too pure-blooded to like my revenge, and 'ud be proud to see shack an' barn an' the hull kiboodle going up in a flare. To grudge us a meal a'ter sunset—there's yer prairie hospitality. A disgrace to the West, Sir."

"Why didn't you keep clear of the old girl? Women are mortally hostile to you, Gash, and I don't wonder why."

"No more 'n a man as is a man hates to see you creepin' round when there seems work to be done. A peepin', pipin' pinhead of a——"

"Don't be looking for trouble, Gashie. Trouble is—how to rustle a meal. You or I can lose an only friend by rubbing on the raw, and maybe get another as good or better in the morning. But a meal that ain't been had at the time can't ever be made good again. Miss supper-time and your supper's lost for ever and ever amen! Gash, I'm haunted by the smell of that roast pork—got a crumb of tobacco to chaw on?"

"Ne'er a crumb, Bashie; ne'er a crumb," said Gash, with a grin. "It'll be a fine willow-chawin' night unless you think (which I most humbly don't) that the Post Office Outfit'll trust an English gentleman for a second-hand quid."

"I wish you wouldn't keep calling me an English gentleman," replied Basherville, plaintively. "I've been long enough on the prairies to be reckoned a Westerner; and do I look like a gentleman, Gash? What'll we do for a bite, old chap?"

"Buy it, ole pard!" cried Gash, triumphantly, pulling a crumpled paper out of his hip pocket. "Look-a-here! How did I get that two-dollar bill? You call to mind the little trick of a boy that came to pay the old woman for butter an' eggs—wa-al, sir, I collected that debt, as a honorarium, sir, for handlin' firewood. A pull o' the long green—first I seen for a month—which means a belly-full and a horn or two o' rye, an' baccy, an' a quarter left over for writin' truck to run a money-makin' scheme that I figured out last night while listenin' to the owls. A gr-reat scheme, Bashie, and we'll run her together. Get up, boy, and let's hit the trail for the Post Office."

An hour later Gash and his partner were seated by a blaze of spruce-chips outside the Post Office fence. Mrs. Devey, who received twelve dollars a year for collecting and distributing the letters (and also the gossip) of the little-strung-out settlement of Halcro, had supplied them with a chunk of pork, bannock, tobacco, and a bottle of pain-killer—whisky she had none—and had also lent them a camp-kettle and a frying-pan. But their request to have the use of the kitchen had met with a flat refusal; she said she did not keep an hotel for dead-beats. Now that supper was over, and the warm thrilling fumes of pain-killer—a medicine half ether, half alcohol, and the prairie tramp's favourite tippie—had kindled ambition in the hearts of the syndicate, the scheme devised by Gash was being carried out. In the fluctuating radiance of the fire he was writing a letter on Basherville's back. Slowly and with infinite caution moved the pen of the unready writer, whose left eye twinkled unceasingly as he chewed the quid of reflection. At last it was finished, and his human writing-desk rolled aside with a deep sigh of relief.

"Let's hear what you've written, Gash," said Not-Worth-a-Dingus with a hand stretched out behind him in an appeal without words for the bottle of pain-killer.

"First of all lemme expostulate," began Gash, with the air and intonation of a college professor, "the theory o' the scheme as here redooed to writin' by me, Orrian G. Kelly. Whereas your poppa, the Reverend Basketfield, is not a millyunaire, an' has a invalidated wife an' several gals as he must keep an' should be an oldish man—and whereas he gives his able-bodied son here present an' lyin' by a fire on Section 23, Township 7 west of the Third Meridian, an outfit an' fifty pounds an' his blessin' to rustle a fortune in the Gr-reat Nor' West—an' whereas the said son, lyin' here an' reachin' for a bottle o' pain-killer, which ain't even got a smell left in it, has had other sums of money from the ole Preacher, his poppa, since he started to rustle that fortune—an' whereas the said ole poppa ain't sent him nuthin' for the last four years, an' has been so keerless o' his lawful male progeny as not to answer any of his letters for a twelvemonth, an' whereas he, the said son o' the said poppa, an' his best friend Orrian G. Kelly is on the spikes, sure, fur want o' cash, credit bein' chary—be it enacted on, by an' with the advice o' the said best friend, that Basketfield junior spark out an' die an' hand in his checks an' be buried like a gentleman by his friend, good ole Gash Kelly—a white man all through, sir."

"It's a fine notion," said Not-Worth-a-Dingus, as the other paused

to kick the fire into a blaze, "and I guess the old boy would be half relieved to think I was off his hands for good. He's terribly careful about appearances; and I know he'd hate to see me turn up in Shropshire again with a Western lingo an' queer habits; and all my niceness gone. I was one of the nice boys before they expelled me from school. 'Not much in him, but a nice boy!' If the letter's correct he'll stump up the money for doctor's bill and funeral, and the rest. Mother'll fret a bit—it was she sent me the last money I had from England—two pounds in a postal order. Ah, well!"

"Was it yer momma sent us the money for our treat at Little Chicago cross the river among the Injuns? Wa-al, them silly little postal orders ain't no use to us now—they don't pay fer the trouble o' reading the long letter as comes with 'em to sour a man while daylight lasts. My letter asks for thirty-seven pounds ten shillin'—think of a wholesome like that, Bashie, an' you bet it catches the cash. Now fer the darn letter—"

"REVEREND SIR,—Your boy, Johnny B-a-s-h-e-r-v-i-l-l-e [Thankee, Bashie!], died up here in Halcro, Alberta, after a long sickness, and was buried here to-day at three o'clock. It was a kind of low-fever took him off, but he did not suffer much, I am pleased to say. Last two years' has been bad crops, and Johnny was making no money to pay for a doctor or comforts, not even when he was sickening for his first attack. He fell down in the hay-field when pitching hay. That was the second attack, and I took him to my shack and put him to bed, from which he never rose up again to go out to his work. I took the liberty of paying for the doctor and for comforts. He would never allow he was dying or give me the name or address of his family. At the last he did so, sir, and said he was a failure, but sent his love to mother—"

Not-Worth-a-Dingus sat up suddenly and grabbed his companion's arm and spoke in a voice of unwonted vigour. "You'll leave mother out," he cried, tightening his grip. The eyes of the twain met; their wills wrestled together in this interchange of looks. Presently the gaze of the younger man wavered and was averted shamefacedly. He gazed into the fire; the moment of rebellion was past. And yet you would have said his eyes were too bright to be tearless.

"And that night [continued the reader, whose voice quivered very slightly, almost imperceptibly] he handed in his checks, as we say here. He sent no message to you, sir, I am sorry to say. But he never would talk about his relations and friends in the old country. He was often chaffed for it. I have spent thirty-seven pounds ten shillings on his case and funeral, and will have to sell cattle to pay, for which I must ask you, as he was not a particular friend of mine.—Yours truly,

"P.S.—Will I order a stone for his grave?" "ORRIAN G. KELLY."

"There, ole pard, that'll fetch 'em, I guess. I had thought o' puttin' a little sentiment in 'bout my dear old friend as only I knowed for what he was reely in his heart—an' then a drop or two o' water splashed on the paper might ha' given 'em a picture o' yer pore tearful ole solitary pard. Heh! But it seems better to leave them to put in the sentiment between lines. It makes me out plain but honest."

Not-Worth-a-Dingus was silent for a time. When Gash, having put up the letter in its envelope, departed to take back the pen and ink-pot, and see that the missive was placed in the mail-bag, he arose furtively and kicked the fire viciously.

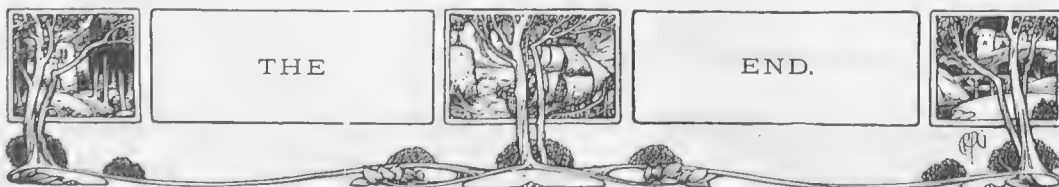
Five or six weeks later the driver of the mail-cart on the Halcro route pulled up his team suddenly at the sight of a dirty, ragged person standing at the cross-roads half-way between the little settlement and the market-town known still as "The Mission."

"Two letters for you, Gash," he said, and threw them at the tramp's feet. Hastily they were torn open. At the sight of the enclosures the face of Gash flashed, and he uttered a strange sound, half sob, half chuckle. Hastily thrusting the papers into the bosom of his shirt, he began to bargain with the mail-driver for a passage to town.

Next day the cheque was cashed, and late in the evening, when the twice-a-week train pulled out for the South, uttering its weird war-whoop, Gash Kelly, in a brand-new ten-dollar suit, was among its passengers. A number of newly regained old friends who had tumbled rye at his cost that day saw him off. Before beginning his long journey to Minnesota, he posted the two letters and also the five-pound note, the result of God knows what painful trifling economies, to his whilom partner. And, to do him justice, he was uneasy in his mind—at any rate, until Winnipeg was reached—at the absence of Not-Worth-a-Dingus, with whom he had lived through so many bad days, so few good ones.

But what of Not-Worth-a-Dingus? One sees him with the mind's eye turning over the enclosures in the envelope addressed in his friend's clumsy script. The sight of the crisp note would breed a pang of joy. Then by slow and laborious processes of thought he would arrive at a due sense of the treachery of Gash Kelly. With the mind's ear one catches a few far-off natural curses. It is impossible to guess what happened afterwards. But the chronicler met him not long ago in a corner of Shropshire at the house of the village doctor.

"That's a returned empty," said the doctor, when he was gone. "And what else could you expect? He says there's nothing but b'ars in the North-West. His palate is the underside of his skull—Nature left out the cerebrum when making him. But he's rather a nice fellow, nevertheless, and a great comfort to his poor old mother."





HEARD IN THE GREEN-ROOM



AN Irving part for Mr. H. B. Irving. It is in that characteristic manner that the hero of "The Jury of Fate," to be acted by Mr. H. B. Irving in Mr. C. M. S. McLellan's new play at the Shaftesbury, on Jan. 2, is being described by those of us who are behind the scenes. The definition, to the initiate, tells much, if not everything. It suggests a fate-haunted man whose character is at once psychologic and dramatic.

Edinburgh, Newcastle, Birmingham, Bristol, Liverpool, Belfast, Bradford, etc., as well as in various suburban theatres. His list comprises sixteen different subjects.

Few actresses have ever come to the front more rapidly, even in America, than Miss May de Sousa, who plays Cinderella at Drury Lane. The daughter of a detective-sergeant well known in Chicago, she was educated at a convent in Omaha, and her appearance as a ballad-singer at the Chicago Opera House was the occasion of so great a success that she went on a tour of the variety theatres. There she happened to be seen by the manager of Miss Alice Nielsen's company, who was so struck with her talent and a certain resemblance to that now well-known Grand Opera singer, that he engaged Miss de Sousa as an understudy. Understudying, however, did not satisfy the young artist, and she was soon engaged as a prima-donna by certain American companies, with which she has had great successes, notably in a musical fantasy called "The Storks," a scenic extravaganza entitled "The Land of Nod," "The Tenderfoot," and "The Wizard of Oz," while she also made a great success as Mabel in "The Pirates of Penzance."

Miss de Sousa furnishes an interesting example of the ways of the Western States of America in dramatic criticism, for when, by a curious coincidence, she was singing a song called "My Cinderella" in "The Land of Nod" in Chicago, she was referred to as "A plump little party with an alluring eye, and gazing on her is like assimilating a titillating draught of Ruinart brut." Miss de Sousa, by the way, is an artist, and has a turn for epigram. Among her *mots* are the following—

Be honest in your business dealings, and in old age there will be no need to give away libraries.

A rolling stone gathers nothing but one-night stands.

A bird in the hand is not nearly so appetising as when served hot with something cold on the side.

Pretty is as pretty does, but a pretty girl "does" many a poor man.

So many people have gratuitously assumed that Mr. Harry Fragon is French, basing their assumption on the way in which he speaks the language as well as on his great vogue in Paris, that he might have been tempted to repeat a joke he once made when he went to Marseilles some years ago. He was engaged for ten nights, and when he arrived he pretended he did not understand the language, and only sang French parrot-like, as so many English people sing foreign songs. In order the better to carry on the illusion, he engaged an interpreter at the hotel to speak to the manager for him. He kept the joke up for four days, during which time he never spoke anything but English. On the fifth day one of the other artists, confident in the belief that Mr. Fragon did not understand French, criticised his performance in his hearing in slighting terms. It was more than he could stand. He let out in his best argot at his critic, who was amazed at the force and fluency of the Englishman's use of the language he did not understand. Somehow or other the matter got to the ears of some journalists, who appreciated the joke so heartily that they published it, and made a great *réclame*. The manager, however, did not see the joke of it, and Mr. Fragon has never been to Marseilles since then.



A POPULAR "NUMBER" AT THE LONDON PAVILION: MISS KITTY LOFTUS.

Photograph by Ellis and Walery.

ance. Indeed, it was at one time thought that he might prevail on Mr. Hearne to come to London and play in it at the Lyceum Theatre.

In order to give time to the final rehearsals of "The Jury of Fate," before taking up his new part Mr. Irving will leave the cast of "Lights Out" this week, probably this evening, and his part will be taken by Mr. Leslie Faber, who will play it until the end of the run, which occurs on Saturday, Jan. 13. The Waldorf will, however, only be closed for one night (Monday), as on Tuesday, 16th, Mr. Cyril Maude will start his season with the bill already mentioned in this column, Mr. Bowkett's play having in the interval been named "The Superior Miss Pellender."

On Monday evening next Sir Charles Wyndham, Miss Mary Moore, and Miss Marion Terry will be at Wyndham's Theatre, where "Captain Drew on Leave" will be seen until further notice.

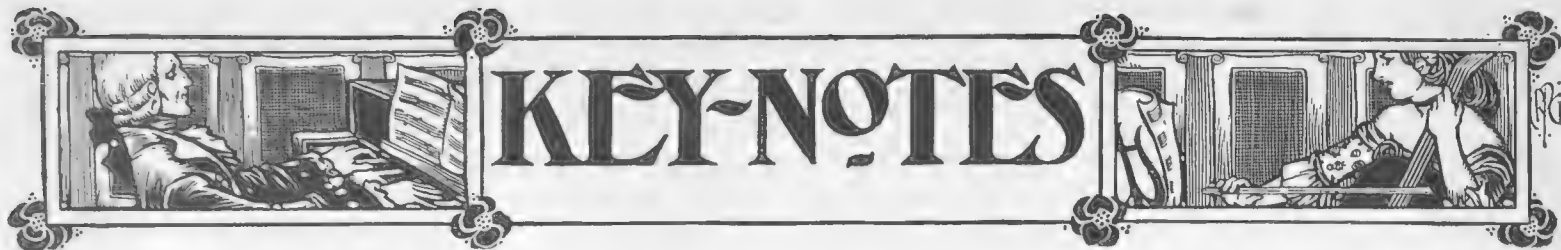
The return to the stage of so consummate an actor as Mr. Albert Chevalier has naturally evoked a great many expressions of interest, especially as the paragraphers have added chapter and verse on the subject of his appearance at the rebuilt Princess's Theatre in March. The wish, however, would seem to be father to the engagement, for, as a matter of fact, Mr. Chevalier has so far settled nothing, and he is in ignorance as to the identity of the individual who is responsible for the paragraphs which have been printed concerning his probable appearance at the Princess's. Mr. Chevalier certainly hopes to appear in drama, but the only definite offers which he has received up to now in this direction are from American managers. That the directors of London theatres may follow suit is scarcely unlikely, now that it is known that he would entertain such offers. A couple of years ago Mr. Arthur Collins wanted him to star in the autumn drama at Drury Lane, but Mr. Chevalier thought the house too big for him.

The king of the holiday season is undoubtedly Mr. J. Hickory Wood, who has supplied the books of over thirty pantomimes which are running in the United Kingdom. In addition to "Cinderella," of which he is part-author, at Drury Lane, Mr. Wood has two pantomimes in Manchester, two in Glasgow, and one each in



MISS GERTIE MILLAR'S UNDERSTUDY: MISS GERTRUDE GLYN AS ROSALIE IN "THE SPRING CHICKEN."

Photograph by Hutchinson and Swendsen.



IT is an extraordinary thing that whereas in recent years the period between the late autumn and the springtime has scarcely been acknowledged by musicians in London, a certain growing feeling has been asserting itself which should prove that Christmas-tide should be the very period of the year when music should be pacing through the land. In old days the Christmas carol, inaugurated by men of art and literary desire, seemed sufficient for Christmas. When that very rational school of music died out, both the Christmas carol and the Christmas music declined. Nowadays, we have revived both ideas in a new form, and with a rightness which bears no contradiction. When one thinks of the old-fashioned carol which was sung by many companies of religious men who thought to impress the idea of Yuletide upon their various audiences, one sees that their intention was



A POPULAR VIOLINIST WHO IS TOURING CANADA AND AMERICA: MADAME BEATRICE LANGLEY.

Madame Beatrice Langley, the popular violinist, who in private life is Mrs. Basil Tozer, is on tour with a concert-party managed by Mr. Stanley Adams, the Canadian baritone. Her playing has brought her many compliments.

Photograph by Alice Hughes.

equalled by their popularity. But, unfortunately, the intention nowadays no longer exists, while the popularity seems to remain.

What one desires from this particular time of the year is a certain tendency towards happiness, which has been preceded by the fasting days of Advent. For this reason one accepts, as in a quiet time, such melodies as "Adeste fideles," as representing more or less the character of the musical season in which we are actually living. The melody itself comes from a Spanish source, and is extremely touching by reason of the simplicity, in its musical form, which one associates perhaps only with the name of Mozart. It is no religious or other feeling which makes one dwell upon this lovely melody which we associate with our English winter; but it is, at all events, well to remind oneself that the seasons are sometimes distinguished by melodies which have been specially written for festivals of the year. One may quote concerning those festivals, and in connection with the Christmas tunes with which we associate this particular thought, Shakspeare's exquisite phrase—

Therefore are feasts so solemn and so rare,
Since seldom coming, in the long year set,
Like stones of worth, they thinly placed are,
Or captain jewels in the carcanet.

Mr. Henry Wood is still going strong in his conducting at the Queen's Hall of the Saturday Symphony Concerts. His last programme contained such important items as Beethoven's third Overture "Leonora," Rimsky Korsakoff's "Capriccio Espagnol," Schubert's Symphony in C, and some vocal music. Mr. Wood conducted with his customary insight into the scheme of the score. He knows so intimately the works which he studies so carefully that he practically persuades his orchestra to do everything that he desires. This question, therefore, is the only one to be answered: "Is Mr. Wood in the right or the wrong?" The answer is sometimes affirmative and sometimes mildly negative. Mr. Wood is a very great conductor and a very fine musician, and he showed both these qualities in his conducting of Schubert's Symphony in C. It is just possible that Mr. Wood, to a small extent, neglects the poetical character of Schubert's music; but the critic has scarcely much right to comment upon this matter when he remembers that Schubert's songs, splendid as they are, are distinguished more by rhetoric than by poetry. It may well be that Mr. Henry Wood sees this subtle difference in his rendering of Schubert's orchestral work, and that he regulates his style and manner from that point of view.

Miss Ada Crossley was the vocalist at this particular concert, and sang the "Inflammatus" from Dvorak's "Stabat Mater." This particular setting of those immortal phrases is not altogether sympathetic to the writer of these notes; it seems to stand aloof, and to deal with the subject rather coldly. Whatever may be said against Rossini's "Stabat Mater," it may be insisted that at all events his music was full of warmth and of intelligence. Dvorak was intellectual enough, but it is doubtful if he ever appreciated to its fullness the meaning of the great hymn sung in the Middle Ages by a man passionately devoted to his own religion. It has only to be added that the playing by the band of Rimsky Korsakoff's work was most brilliant; here Mr. Henry Wood was quite at his best.

Mr. Louis Abbate gave the last of his three historical violoncello recitals at the Bechstein Hall the other day, a postponement having been rendered necessary by reason of a most unfortunate accident to the player's hand not very long since. There is no question but that Mr. Abbate stands in the very front rank of contemporary 'cello-players. Nobody is very much attracted, as a rule, by the 'cello when it is used as a solo instrument. Mozart himself, who used it so much in some of his finest scores, used to say that, unless in combination with other instruments, he would prefer not to hear the 'cello at all. It seems to us that Mr. Abbate has conquered all those prejudices; his playing of that lovely melody which is so well known among the Jewish race, "Kol-nidrei," was perfectly beautiful. The present writer has his own opinion as to the traditions of that melody, which seems to him to belong to what is known in Plain Song as the "Modus Peregrinus." The psalm, "In Exitu Israel," is, according to an old tradition known to the musical world, as it was sung by the wanderers in the desert who went forth from Egypt to Palestine. Mr. Abbate gave one quite the right musical feeling of the melody, and the sensation of beauty which must be attached to long and thoughtful musical ideas. He also played a



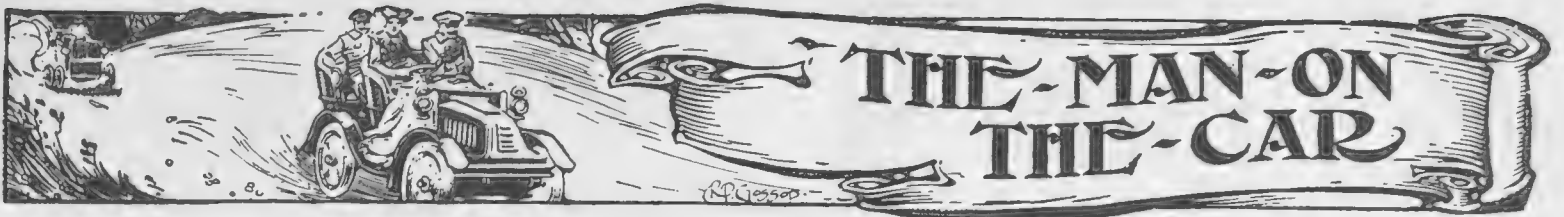
A DISTINGUISHED MANCHESTER SINGER: MISS OWEN.

Miss Owen, who is a Manchester girl and very wealthy, recently made her London debut as a singer at the Queen's Hall. Her voice is said to be of excellent tone.

Photograph by Lafayette, Dublin.

Scherzo by Cesar Cui. One thing which we admire about him is that he really gives himself up to his art, and seems to possess no self-consciousness while he is playing this most difficult instrument.

COMMON CHORD.



THE PROTECTION OF ENGINES AGAINST FROST—MONEY FOR THE MOTOR UNION—ARGYLL CAPITAL INCREASE—STEAM AND PETROL TO START FAIR IN THE TOURIST TROPHY—AUTOMOBILISTS AND THE GENERAL ELECTION—COMFORT IN WINTER.

FROST has not troubled us much as yet this winter, but motor-car owners should never allow themselves to forget the possibility of its coming, particularly if they tend their own cars. The chief damage to be feared from the expansion which takes place at the moment of congelation is the fracture of a cylinder—a sufficiently costly happening; but the ruination of an expensive cellular radiator may also occur, and this is no light matter. I fear that the only safe precaution is to empty the entire system, and to be more than careful that this is thoroughly done. Many modern engines have drip cocks set in the lowest angles of the cylinder water-jackets, and if the car is canted up by means of the jack, the opening of these cocks ensures the safety of the cylinders. If a draw-off cock is placed in the bottom of the radiator then the frame must be lifted at the opposite side when this is opened; but even then, it is well to trace the piping and see that no pockets are formed by the bends. If so, then the unions must be unscrewed, or the rubber connections undone and the pocket emptied of all fluid. If the carburettor is water-jacketed, be sure, too, that no water remains therein, even if the apparatus has to be dismantled to make this a certainty.

plant they shelter will realise that the debenture-holders have ample security. In addition to being smart and clever engineers, the men at the head of this concern are most able financiers, for while this money will probably earn 20 per cent., only $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. is to be paid for it, and the ordinary shareholders will profit by the remaining $15\frac{1}{2}$ per cent.

The authorities of the Automobile Club have evidently changed their minds once more with regard to the allowance of liquid fuel to be made to any steam-cars using such entered and competing in the

Tourist Trophy Race of 1906. It is well that the Club have at last seen reason in this manner, for, seeing that this event is, first and last, a scratch race, it is hard to divine the reason for the desire, at one time so evident, to give steam-cars a preponderance of fuel. From the previous attitude of the Club it would appear that certain very good people interested in steam had the power of temporarily making themselves felt on the Club committees. But from what I hear, the Society of Motor Manufacturers and Traders gave the Club an intimation that this sort of favouritism could not be permitted, and the Club very wisely bowed to what is after all the predominant partner.



THE DINER-OUT: Hi! Hi! Why the dooce don't you shound your horn?

DRAWN BY GODFREY WILSON.

Some time ago I urged the matter of the Motor Union

Defence Fund upon my readers, and those who were moved to contribute, as I hope all were, will be glad to learn that altogether the subscriptions have already amounted to the sum of £1,150. I now hear from the energetic Secretary, Mr. Rees Jeffries, that no less than £750 of this amount has been expended in collecting evidence to place before the Royal Commission on Motor Traffic, in special grants to members in legal cases, in prosecutions of offenders on the highways, and in opposing unnecessary applications for speed-limits of ten and six miles per hour in various localities. This leaves a balance only of £400, which is less, much less, than is likely to be sufficient for all that remains to be done. It is urged that the amount standing to the credit of the fund should not be one penny less than £2,000, in order that the Union may be sufficiently strong to fight any important epoch-forming case *d'outrance*.

So numerous were the orders taken by Argyll Motors, Limited, at Olympia that the directorate resolved to enlarge their works at Alexandria considerably, and, in order so to do, they recently offered for subscription £100,000 First Mortgage Debentures, to bear interest at $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. These debentures are secured upon the works and plant, and anyone who has inspected those works and the unique

automobilists will be absolutely sound as to the views of the candidates for Parliamentary honours in their respective divisions. The candidate who will not avow himself clearly on the side of progress should, notwithstanding the colour of his political coat, be ruthlessly eschewed and denied any automobile support whatsoever. The motorist who, by the loan of his car, assists in returning to Parliament a member who is not pledged to show a stern front to all repressive legislation is not only making a rod for his own back but is a traitor to his cult—the cult of the road locomotion of the future.

Trifles make up the sum of the motorist's comfort, particularly in the winter time, when the chill blast, car-created, searches every cranny for an opening. Now wind-cuffs to all coats are a necessity, and must obtain; but when the wind is dead ahead, and one is travelling into it with fair rapidity, these, which must not be too tight, are not entirely proof against blast-penetration. They should be supplemented by gauntlet gloves—but gauntlet gloves of one description only. The gauntlets must be stiffened in such a way that they cannot fall over the hands in rucks and leave ingress for air.

THE WORLD OF SPORT

THE DUKE OF PORTLAND, SPORTSMAN—KEMPTON, AND ELECTION AGENTS AS RACE-COURSE ORGANISERS—MR. JOSEPH DAVIS AND HURST PARK.

DURING his recent visit to the Duke of Portland, His Majesty looked over the Welbeck Stud; which has not been so successful of late as of yore. I am pleased to hear that, this fact notwithstanding, the Duke continues to take the liveliest interest in the breeding of bloodstock, and he will still run the stud for all it is worth. His Grace has tired of racing in recent years. He was at Ascot last year, but did not attend more than half-a-dozen meetings. The Duke was born in 1857, and was educated at Eton. He was a lieutenant in the Coldstream Guards, retiring when he succeeded to the title in 1879. In addition to racing, he is fond of hunting, coursing, rowing, shooting, cricketering, and angling; indeed, he spends the greater part of the year fishing in Scotland, and it is said he would rather land a forty-pound salmon than a St. Leger. He took to the Turf in 1881, and in that year won the Portland Plate at Doncaster with Mowerina. Matthew Dawson was his first trainer, and Fred Archer his first jockey. Afterwards his horses were under the charge of G. Dawson, who trained a number of winners for His Grace. In 1888 his horses won £26,811; in 1889, £73,858; 1890, £25,203; 1900, £10,426; 1901, £10,394; 1902, £14,305; 1903, £1,181; 1904, £13,099; while in 1905 His Grace won three races only, amounting to £912, despite the fact, too, that he had horses in training at Kingsclere and others under the charge of the Hon. G. Lambton at Newmarket. The late Matthew Dawson once said that St. Simon was the first horse he had trained. Certainly he was the best animal the Duke ever owned, although he won good races by the aid of Ayrshire, Donovan, Mowerina, Semolina, St. Serf, Melanion, Memoir, and many others. The Duke of Portland breeds his own racehorses, although before now he has given a tall price for a good-looking yearling. The Duke's stud-farm is about a mile from Welbeck Abbey, and it is supposed to be one of the best-arranged in England. His Grace was elected a member of the Jockey Club in 1881, and at one time it was thought that he would make himself felt as a Turf reformer; but he seemed all at once to tire of racing, and now is seldom seen at the meetings of Turf senators. He is a regular attendant at the Ascot functions, while during recent years he has been prominent in Court ceremonials in the capacity of Master of the Horse.

Whatever the fate of the free and open meetings, Kempton continues to buzz, and the popular Sunbury enclosure always attracts a big holiday crowd whether the weather be wet or fine. The reason is not far to seek, for it is possible to leave Waterloo Station, go to Kempton, see a day's racing, and return, and be under cover all the time. The late Mr. Hyde was a first-rate administrator, and he saw to it that no stone was left unturned to make the place popular with big and little people alike. It may not be out of place to interpolate here the remark that Mr. Hyde was at one time of day a successful electioneering agent; the same can be said of Mr. Mark Price, who made the Manchester Meeting another 45 per cent. dividend concern, by-the-by. Sure enough the same will apply to the late John Frail, clerk of the course at Shrewsbury, who acted as election agent to "Dizzy." We must perforce conclude that a good election agent will make a good racecourse organiser. Until Hurst

Park came upon the scene, the Kempton Meeting held a monopoly of the Bank Holiday meetings, probably because no other meeting in the Metropolitan district cared for them. Now Kempton gets the Easter Monday and the Boxing Day, while Hurst Park is allowed Whit Monday and the first Monday in August. I am sorry to hear

that Mr. Seymour-Dalton, the manager of the Kempton Club, and Mr. William Bevil, the well-known clerk of the course, are laid up at the present time; but Mr. Walter Hyde can be trusted to look after the show, being ably assisted by his directors, of whom the chairman, Mr. George Everett, divides his attention between Freemasonry, racing, and cricket. He has been Grand Treasurer of the Freemasons, and has for many years been a member of the committee of the Surrey County Cricket Club, of which the Lord Chief Justice is the chairman. As I have said before, Kempton continues to flourish—probably because it is a business run on business lines by business men.

After Kempton comes Hurst Park, one of the most improved race-meetings in the metropolitan district—I might have said in the whole of England. The syndicate that first exploited the ancient Molesey Hurst with a view to making it a dividend-earning concern as an enclosed race-course did not flourish, despite the fact that the late Sir John Astley was the manager. Jolly John, with his red necktie and fat cigar,

THE WIFE OF A FAMOUS PRIZE-FIGHTER;
MRS. BOB FITZSIMMONS.
Photograph by G. G. Bain.

was not cut out for a racecourse administrator, and I really do believe that the scheme must have gone under had not Mr. Joseph Davis come upon the scene. The original syndicate tried their hand at sports and pony-racing, which did not draw, although the late Mr. R. H. Fry told me once that pony-racing beat his book at all points of the compass. When Mr. Davis came to rule, he saw that if the place was to be made to pay, it could only be done by the establishment of a first-class race-meeting on the lines of Sandown and Kempton. He got to work quickly by having the course relaid and made absolutely perfect. Then he set himself to originate popular races, giving large stakes. The result soon proved him to be right, for, with large entries, the gate grew, while, what is more to the purpose, a full Club-membership came as a matter of course. Mr. Davis was a proud man when His Majesty paid his first visit to the enclosure. Since then the Royal colours have been carried at the meeting. Mr. Davis has been connected with the Sport of Kings for many years. He won the Lincoln Handicap with Fulmen in 1886, and it was only two years ago that his smart horse, Romer, captured the Derby Cup. The coup of Mr. Davis's lifetime came when Sainfoin won the Derby for Sir James Miller. The popular "Joseph" had dreamed that the colt had won, and it was on the strength of this

that he persuaded Sir James to purchase Sainfoin out of the Kingsclere stable. I ran a horse once at Hurst Park some years ago, and it finished fourth to an animal owned by Mr. Davis. I cannot for the moment remember the name of the winner, but I do remember that he had been driven in a trap by his owner throughout the previous summer.

CAPTAIN COE.

Captain Coe's "Racing Tips" will be found on our second "City Notes" page.



A MEMBER OF "CASHEL BYRON'S PROFESSION";
BOB FITZSIMMONS IN FIGHTING RIG.

Photograph by G. G. Bain.



OUR LADIES' PAGES.

THE joys of coming up to town for Christmas and New Year shopping are undoubtedly mitigated when the country cousin, accustomed to cheerful peeps of a wintry sun through her casement window, is confronted with a mustard-coloured atmosphere backgrounded by soot-begrimed houses across the road, when



[Copyright.]

A HANDSOME OPERA-CLOAK IN VELVET.

opening eyes on another day. Also in nine cases out of eleven her sleep is broken by the unceasing nocturnal din which waxes and wanes through the live-long night as she presses a restless pillow. The depressing fact that city life proves fatal to a family in three generations gives the Metropolitan food for reflection, and there can be no doubt that although sanitation, ventilation, and other modern innovations make for improved conditions of life, the nerve-racking noise and wear-and-tear of daily existence must corrode the very springs of being in the Londoner who spends his days between the Scylla and Charybdis of the telephone-gong and the motor-horn. In contradistinction to all this the quiet of the country seems blessedness itself, always provided one is sufficiently off the main road to be out of automobile range and roaring.

The opening event of 1906 announces itself in a great sale of winter garments and all sorts of wearables at Peter Robinson's. This favourite fixture is a much-looked-forward-to opportunity for women-folk generally, but the attractions of the present moment seem more than ordinarily great, as even a glance through Peter Robinson's separate catalogues of Oxford and Regent Streets will conclusively show. At the Oxford Street house a great variety of opera and outdoor cloaks obtains—smart restaurant-coats, reduced from ten to four guineas; sacque paletots of cloth and tweed, lined with various furs; evening-frocks in tempting variety—one of the prettiest is known as the "Cinderella," which, made in many colours and most engaging design, is to be sold at five guineas instead of seven and a half. A series of tailor gowns, neatly made, well cut, are obtainable at quite absurdly low prices; and there are bargains to be picked up in feather toques and dainty little capotes of chenille and chiffon

respectively. Blouses in velvet crêpe-de-Chine and other favourite materials are marked at most tempting prices. Bridge-coats, now an inevitable part of one's altogether, are to be had in white with silver sequins, black with steel, and all black, for very low sums; and hundreds of gloves belonging to the best makers are being sold below cost price. "Sweeping reductions," to quote the jargon of trade, are available to the purchaser of tea-gowns, dressing-gowns, and tea-jackets, of which Peter Robinson's offer an enormous choice. In the Regent Street house, one has the advantage of choosing furs at a great reduction from an exceptionally large stock, and perhaps the most astonishing example of cheapness ever offered to a responsive being is seen here in the "Florodora" evening gown, a really wonderful frock composed of endless rows of Valenciennes lace sewn on net over silk, for which only four pounds eighteen shillings is asked. Dainty frocks for girls of all ages are included in the reductions, which affect all departments, and make Peter Robinson's sale at both houses the occasion of many satisfactory visitations for those who live in town or out.

One becomes accustomed to artistic catalogues and elegantly arranged booklets in these days of very excellent colour-printing, but few can surpass the perfection arrived at by the celebrated chocolate and cocoa manufacturers, Messrs. Fry and Sons, Limited, of Bristol. For the New Year and holiday season this renowned firm has prepared series of fancy boxes filled with their excellent and nutritious chocolates which are object-lessons in beauty. The prices vary from a humble penny up to a golden guinea per box, with every intermediate stage imaginable, and in the thousand



[Copyright.]

A FASHIONABLE COAT TRIMMED WITH SABLE.

examples reproduced in their Christmas catalogue, one cannot find a single model that is not in excellent taste and intrinsically charming. Amongst the novelties Messrs. Fry have introduced are Japanese inlaid wooden cabinets filled with delicious chocolates, at five shillings

each. Circular boxes, overlaid with wood and charmingly painted, can be obtained for the same price. Others have reproductions in relief of celebrated pictures ready mounted in oak, which can be hung up when the box is empty of its "goodies," at again five shillings. Others with embossed aluminium plates of well-known landscapes on large boxes, cost ten shillings and sixpence, while the utmost charm belongs to huge satin boxes with padded "cushion" tops, exquisitely painted, at twenty-one shillings. These are really Christmas boxes *de luxe*. It is, besides, surprising what Messrs. Fry can give us for the smaller sums of 3s. 6d., 2s. 6d., and even a shilling—large, well-filled, satin-lined boxes of exquisite contour and design, which would adorn any juvenile gathering, and bring joy to the lover of lollipops, small or grown-up. Fry's milk chocolate has already attained a high reputation for excellent flavour and purity of material, ousting many foreign makes because of the superiority of its ingredients.

Whiteley the famous commands an increasingly large public whenever a sale at his leviathan establishment in Westbourne Grove is announced. So the forthcoming occasion which the New Year offers will assemble many from near and far who wish to avail themselves of the advantages offered by a practically boundless choice together with the certainty of extraordinary bargains. In "models" of millinery and dresses, all bearing the impress of Paris, Whiteley's shops are particularly rich. This also applies to evening gowns, cloaks, *dessous* and lingerie generally. Whiteley's sale offers, in fact, more than ordinary advantages, and should on no account be missed by the woman who is at once fastidious, luxury-loving, and economical.

We women are agreed that music is the food of love, but that desirable if evanescent form of sustenance remained caviare to many men, and incidentally women, except at rare intervals, before the advent of the mechanical piano-player. Now by reason of that thrice-blessed invention we are enabled to press a pedal and float away into the empyrean at will—to master the masterpieces of the master minds. Nor this alone! For, joined to the extraordinary accomplishments of the Pianola is now superadded the crowning wonder of the Metrostyle principle, by which the tempo of the musician is added to the composition of the composer. With the introduction of the Metrostyle—which is, briefly, a guide by which the Pianola-player follows on the music-roll a red line indicating the authoritative tempo—the problem of sympathetically interpreted music was solved, and the value of the Pianola increased a thousandfold, since the beauties of expression were made possible to the amateur. Therefore, in buying a Metrostyle Pianola the possessor of this wonderful instrument starts at once with a "precise, complete, masterful finger technique," to borrow the phrasing of the makers, and can, moreover, test this assertion to the utmost at the headquarters of the Orchestrelle Company, Æolian Hall, 135, New Bond Street, where demonstrations are constantly held of the instrument's extraordinary capabilities.

A FASHIONABLE RENDEZVOUS.

The Hyde Park Hotel is the rendezvous of many leaders of fashion, and, with the ball season in full swing, is seeing many brilliant entertainments. This is little to be wondered at in view of the excellent

arrangements made by the manager of the hotel, and the fine rooms at his disposal. Those who are interested should obtain from the hotel—the full address of which is Knightsbridge, Hyde Park—the illustrated souvenir of Hyde Park and the hotel.

The Serpentine Swimming Club's Christmas Day race, which was instituted forty-one years ago, took place this year as usual. The distance was, roughly, one hundred yards, and the swimmers entered the water at about 7.45 a.m. The Oxo Company arranged to send an attendant and special outfit to provide hot Oxo free of charge to all competitors.

We are asked to state, with reference to our recent note on the Middleton Pneumatic Hub, that the spokes of the wheel do not rest upon the pneumatic hub, but are fixed in the metal casting.

Under one of the photographs of "The Mountain Climber," reproduced in *The Sketch*, we gave Miss Margaret Halstan as Lena. Miss Halstan was the original Lena, but her place has been taken for the rest of the run by Miss Florence Sinclair, and our photograph depicted that lady.

Our readers will doubtless be interested to learn that the L.C.C. tramway repair-van, illustrated in *The Sketch* recently, was manufactured by the New

Arrol-Johnston Car Company, Limited, of Paisley. The same firm has just delivered another of the vans to the L.C.C., and has orders for two more.

In order to celebrate the first anniversary of the successful reconstruction of the Grosvenor Crescent Club for Ladies, Hyde Park Corner, S.W., the owner has decided to admit fifty eligible members, who are, of course, to be selected by the committee, without the entrance-fee, and to present their first year's subscription to the Queen's Fund for the Unemployed. The subscription to the Club is five guineas, and the Club year begins on Jan. 1.

In connection with Mr. William Mollison's production of "Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush," at the St. James's, the interesting suggestion

is made that the actors and actresses concerned in it would make an ideal combination for the staging of "As You Like It." Jaques is one of Mr. Mollison's best performances, and it is argued that an excellent cast might be made up with Miss Lilian Braithwaite as Rosalind, Mr. Henry Ainley as Orlando, Mr. Charles Groves as Touchstone, Miss Lettice Fairfax as Celia, and Mr. Sydney Brough as Le Beau.

Messrs. John Walker, of Farrington House, Warwick Lane, have

issued their customary large batch of diaries of all sizes, shapes, and prices. Notable among the firm's productions are the "Graphic Diary," which has the days of the month printed in particularly legible letters; various diaries with pencils attached; a cloth-bound tear-off diary; and an excellent quarterly diary with refills. In almost every case the booklets are offered in various styles of binding, and most of them contain such useful information as the postal regulations, and the times of the rising and the setting of the sun.



MUSIC FOR ALL: PLAYING THE METROSTYLE PIANOLA.



FASHIONABLE LONDON AT PLAY: A BALL AT THE HYDE PARK HOTEL, KNIGHTSBRIDGE.

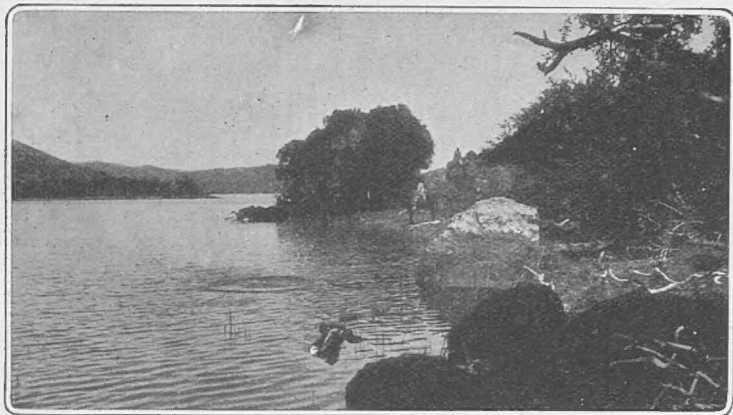
SYBIL.

CITY NOTES.

The Next Settlement begins on Jan. 9, 1906.

MONEY MATTERS.

ELEVENTH-HOUR fears of a rise in the Bank Rate coming before the end of the year were the natural sequel to the slight flurry in Lombard Street to which we alluded last week. For the next few days the grand anxiety of ninety per cent. of the population with current accounts at their bankers' will be to swell their balances as much as they can, and no hope of relief can be



ARGENTINE SOUTHERN LANDS COMPANY: LAKE ST. THOMAS.

entertained until the New Year releases the strain of window-dressing, and the dividends on the thousands of stocks and shares which become payable between Jan. 1 to Jan. 5 inclusive. The Stock Exchange, however, is likely to find no difficulty in financing the final settlement of 1905, which begins to-day (Wednesday). "Tightness of money" is a phrase dear to the heart of the financial journalist, and will be worn threadbare, as usual, on the eve of another year. But there is no difficulty whatever in obtaining advances on good securities, though rates of contango may revert to those charged at the End-November Account, which were about $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. higher all round than those ruling at the Mid-December Settlement. Money is plentiful, as a matter of fact, and with the Transvaal turning out gold more freely, the fear of Continental politics causing a scarcity in Lombard Street is greatly reduced. Therefore, so far as money matters are concerned, we should say there is no need for apprehension even—much less for alarmist fears.

TRANSVAAL GOLD PRODUCERS.

Only the confirmed bear could fail to be extremely gratified at the way in which the gold industry of the Transvaal is beginning to return to the ante-war conditions of gold-production. So long as the Companies paid no dividends, there was no real hope of any revival in public interest in the Kaffir Circus. Holders are sick to death of speculations upon which they have received no return on their money for several years, and amongst the public one continually hears the emphatic declaration that a stronger market would "see the last of my shares." It is worth remembering, in this connection, that the decline during the present year has been very pronounced. Gold Fields are $2\frac{1}{2}$ below their starting-price this year, Gold Trust $3\frac{1}{2}$, Rand Mines and Crown Reef $4\frac{1}{2}$. Taking some of the lower-priced shares, the fall is equally startling in proportion. Anglo-French show a loss of $2\frac{1}{4}$, Randfontein, $1\frac{1}{4}$; Barnato Consols, $1\frac{1}{2}$; Chartered, $\frac{3}{8}$; Glen Deep, 2, and Knights, 3. There is no need to prolong the agony by illustrations taken almost at random. Our point is rather that the shrinkages must have brought prices to a level that makes the worth of Kaffirs considerable under dividend conditions. New Primrose, for example, are $2\frac{3}{4}$, and the mine has declared 35 per cent. this year, the yield working out to 14 per cent. on the money, allowing for the accrued interest. The mine's life is put at six or seven years, but it is seldom that a company comes to an end within the estimated period, and if it does, there are generally certain assets remaining. We take the Primrose as an illustration simply; if a score of others could show similar results—and the tendency at last moves that way—we should think that our long pessimism over Kaffir shares might well be reconsidered.

POLITICS AND MARKETS.

Within the space of two or three weeks the country will be in the thick of a General Election, and the question as to how markets are likely to be affected by it is a very practical one. At the present moment the answer appears to lie in the three simple words: Not at all. Its hindrance to Stock Exchange business will scarcely be noticed, inasmuch as the House has not been tearingly busy for some time past, and the steady tide of investment, it is more than probable, will take no heed of politics. It might have stopped speculation a little had the Kaffir Circus been rampant, but as it is, American operations, which monopolise speculative interest, will not suffer in the least. We should not go a bull of brewery stocks pending the result of the

General Election, because they are usually dullish under the prospect of Radical Governments, but the temptation to sell bears of Kaffirs on the chance of a new Prime Minister repatriating Chinese coolies should be resisted: it may cost money, especially in view of Lord Elgin's recent remarks upon the subject. The Home Railway dividends can be relied upon to keep alive the interest in the Home Railway department, and, while the House may suffer the loss of orders from Parliamentary candidates and agents for a time, the latter will assist trade by their payment of the usual electoral expenses. As a market factor, the coming contest can be almost entirely ignored.

UNITED RAILWAYS OF HAVANA.

The general interest in the position and prospects of the United Railways of Havana, and the discussion which has gone on with regard to the value of the bonus that shareholders are to receive, make the following note by "Q" a timely contribution which will no doubt be welcomed by our readers.

The speech of the chairman at the recent extraordinary general meeting of the United Railways of the Havana Company has to a great extent cleared up the position with regard to the bonus which the fortunate shareholders are to receive. I need not go into details here, and, indeed, it is impossible for anyone to state with absolute accuracy what it will amount to, but I do not think I shall be far wrong if I place its value at £25 to £30 per cent. The accounts are to be made up to Dec. 31, and all shareholders on the Register on that date will be entitled to receive the bonus. Taking the lower figure and deducting it from the present price of the stock, the price ex-bonus stands at about £190. The Chairman further announced that it is intended shortly to issue Ordinary stock as a bonus to the extent of £50 per cent. A purchaser of the Ordinary stock to-day will therefore find himself in the course of 1906 in possession of £150 of Ordinary stock, which will stand him in at about £126. The total Ordinary capital will then amount to £3,810,000, and it is important for shareholders to try and estimate what dividends they may expect. From January 1906 the United Railways and the newly acquired Cardenas and Jucaro Railway will be worked as a single concern. The latest available figures for the two lines working independently are those for the year ending in June 1905. After deducting the interest on the Debenture and Preference stocks, including the stock recently created, the net profit on the two lines together amounted to £297,000. A dividend of 7 per cent. on the Ordinary stock, increased as above, would absorb £266,700, leaving a surplus of £30,300. This would be equivalent to a dividend of $10\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. on the present Ordinary stock. It is quite possible, however, that the earnings will permit a much larger dividend to be paid. The traffic on the United Railways alone for the twenty-three weeks since July 1 shows an increase of £31,087, or about 19 per cent., and it must be remembered that this is the lean half year, in which formerly little, if any, profit was earned. In his estimates for the current year's traffic, the manager anticipated that the increase in the sugar crop in the district served by the railway would be about 15 per cent., and the general traffic and passengers about 20 per cent. It looks as if this estimate may be borne out. In addition, there will be all the advantages to be derived from the fusion which has so long been desired. On the whole it seems that shareholders will find some difficulty in finding a better investment. Q.

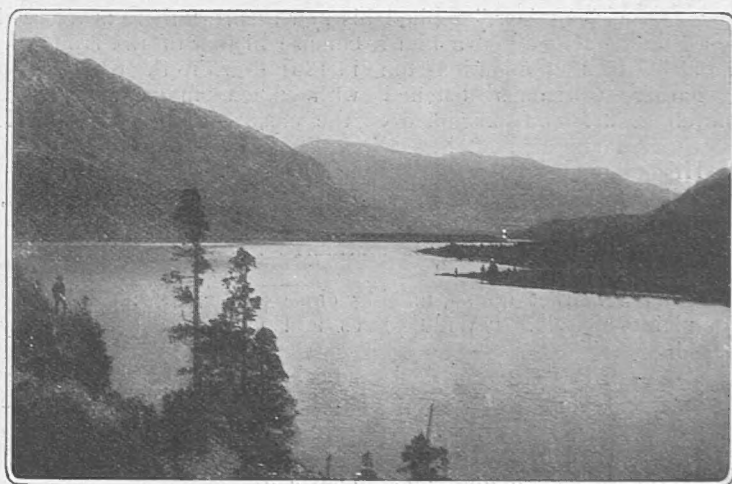
BOXING DAY IN THE STOCK EXCHANGE.

Father Christmas sighed.

"Never had such an expensive time in my life," he soliloquised ruefully. "Seem to have spent every brass farthing," and again he dived into the corners of his empty, capacious sacks.

"Not a stiver," he went on disconsolately, throwing the sacks into the sleigh. "Not so much as a penny watch that I can raise the price of a lunch on. And then there are these things!"

He drew the demands for rent and income-tax from one of his



ARGENTINE SOUTHERN LANDS COMPANY: LAKE EPUYEN, LOOKING WEST.

pockets, and thrust them viciously back again. "What's to be done?"

The sleigh groaned under the weight of his portly form thrown far back upon the springs. The reindeer looked round, and then started off at a steady trot without his guiding hand upon the reins.

Father Christmas sighed again. "Anywhere you like," he remarked. "Doesn't matter. Nobody cares an icicle for me; won't do for another year, either. Serve 'em right if I committed suicide. Hullo, you clumsy beasts! Do you want to kill me? Steady, there. Where the Christmas-tree am I?"

The reindeer had drawn a bee-line for the Stock Exchange, and their uncerecermonious entrance through the glass dome of the Kaffir

Market had shaken the old gentleman into his usual alert attitude. The sleigh came down with a clatter into the Chartered Market.

"What's the game?" said the perplexed occupant. "Where am I? Why, it's— Of course. Any fool could see what it is. And they've brought me here to make money, have they?"

Out he scrambled, and fed the thoughtful beasts with bundles of cuff-paper culled from the waiters' stands. When this was finished, the animals lay down and gratefully licked what little paint is left on the benches in the Mexican Railway Market.

Father Christmas whistled, and at his call the House filled with shades of jobbers. "No brokers to-day," he said to himself. "The very name makes me feel uncomfortable," and his fingers closed upon the demand notes in his pocket. "Where shall I begin, I wonder?"

He advanced into the Foreign Market, where a youthful shade respectfully came forward. The Father gazed with admiration at his ample proportions and generous allowance of chins.

"Peru Pref., old man," said the shade affectionately, trying to put his arm round the waist of Father Christmas without success. "The very thing, of course. Many?"

"Information? Very difficult to say, old man. Shouldn't care to be out of 'em very much myself. Although I don't think you'd hurt as a bear, you know, if you were quick at taking a profit. Not to-day? Well, bye-bye, old man."

"Pretty familiar for his age," said Father Christmas. "Couldn't have treated me more paternally if I'd been the broker to the Japanese Government. What are Japanese?" he asked a small, elderly man with white beard and abstracted look.

"Japanese? Oh, why not give something to the Salvation Army?" and the shade looked at his questioner reproachfully. "How would you like to be without a plate of soup on these cold nights, to warm your little—?" He disappeared suddenly as Father Christmas came nearer with a threat in his eye.

"Cool cheek, in weather like this too," and the venerable figure rolled into the Yankee Market. "What a crowd!"

"Drink? No! Are you a potboy?" he demanded of a lanky youth, who sallied up and smote him familiarly upon the shoulder.

"Call me what you like," was the unabashed reply. "What can we do for you, old gentleman?"

"Tell me how to make some money."

"Better ask Old Nick. He knows—"

But the indignant Father Christmas was striding off, and cannoned into a group in the Steel Market.

"Don't say 'Spacs,'" he rebuked a juvenile jobber. "Say Southern Pacifics if you like. Not 'Spacs.' Sounds so vulgar."

Before the astonished juvenile could recover his breath, the old gentleman was asking someone else how to make money out of Steels.

"Buy them, of course," was the prompt reply. "They'll go to 45 all right. If they don't, you can leave my presents out of your sack next year."

"Condescending, aren't you?" said Father Christmas, somewhat snappishly.

"Won't you come and have a warm by this fire?" said a comfortable-looking shade, with gold-rimmed spectacles and a silk-hat. He did not seem to be a jobber.

The old gentleman expanded under the influence of the cheery open fire, and said he was beginning to enjoy his visit to the Stock Exchange.

"In the olden days," replied his new escort, "there never used to be any fires," and he gave him a concise history of the House from the laying of the foundation-stone in 1801 down to the present day.

Father Christmas listened with much interest. "Regular encyclopædia!" he exclaimed, at the close of the recital. "Many more of your sort about here?"

His guide modestly evaded the question, and led him into the Miscellaneous Market. "Will you kindly excuse me?" he said, to him then. "I must return to my Americans."

"It's all over," one shade murmured to another. "He and his partner have been and—"

"Cuts a market up so, making close prices, doesn't it," was the complaining reply. "Wide prices and plenty of business say I. Bays! Bays!"

Father Christmas remarked aloud that he heard the iron and steel trade was booming. Two faint voices came out of nowhere in particular.

"Let's find out first what he wants to do."

"And then spoil him, eh? That's it."

"Charitable idea," said The Father. "I haven't been spoiled since I was a kid. Wonder who those beggars were?"

He looked round, but could not trace the voices to any individual shades. Perhaps, for him, it was just as well.

"Someone gave me the tip to buy Bays last week," the old gentleman pursued. "Who was it now? Oh, yes; the chap mending the telephone-wires when I was driving over the roof before Christmas. He said he heard the messages sent from one big firm of brokers to a client at the Mansion House. I wonder if he meant the District Railway Station?"

By this time he had ambled round to the Foreign Railway Market, where he asked a blue-eyed, white-moustached dealer for advice about United of Havana.

"It's fellows like you who have turned my hair so white," he was told. "United? Go down? Shouldn't be s'prised. Go up? Well— Have a cigarette?"

"Young man," said Father Christmas, severely, "leave those pernicious things to boys. You and I have got beyond them."

"Not 't all. That's another injustice to America—or Egypt. Going? Well, of course, if you must—"

"What a harmonious voice!" observed the Father, as he listened to bidding for Taquah. "If I could only make a noise like that, I'd give some of the old curmudgeons fits," and he thought of certain rich City firms he knew where the clerks were just as badly treated at Christmas as at any other time in the year.

"Not many of that sort in the Stock Exchange, bless 'em," said Father Christmas. "I wonder myself how some of the poor beggars in the Kaffir Market can keep going at all, and yet they treat their understudies liberally, for all that. Eh, what?"

"Frisco del Oro make a good New Year's present," insinuated an insinuating jobber, lithe of figure and smooth of tongue.

"Investment, I suppose?" returned The Father.

"Speculative, I should say. Oh, yes, quite speculative. But at half-a-sovereign, and to lock up. How many shall we say?"

The old gentleman looked him full in the face, and very slowly lowered the left eyelid.

"Bless my soul, the old boy thinks I'm pulling his leg!" cried the shade of the jobber. "Honestly I mean what I say. Here, take a few away with you, and I'll guarantee you a profit before the end of another year."

Father Christmas took the proffered certificate.

"Don't I want a blank transfer as well?" he enquired knowingly.

"It's attached," was the reply. "Remember me to your friends. Good-day."

There was a jingle of silver bells. Up trotted the reindeer with the sleigh. Father Christmas got in, shook the reins, and was drawn swiftly round the Stock Exchange, his cracking whip waking echoes in every market. With a light bound the sleigh rose at Capel Court door and passed into the clouds. The driver half-turned and shouted downwards into space—

"Au revoir. Till Nineteen Hundred and Six. And good luck to you!"

Thursday, Dec. 21, 1905.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Only letters on financial subjects to be addressed to the "City Editor, The Sketch Office, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C."

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each month.

TAXED.—You had better apply to one of the Income-tax agencies, who will put you in the way of getting the money that has been deducted returned.

F. G. P.—The motor trade is so good that we think it is as well to hold the Hotchkiss for improvement. The Distillery is very unpromising.

CUBA.—(1) See "Q's" note this week. The exact value of the bonus no one seems to know. (2) Villa Maria and Rufino Pref., guaranteed by the B. A. Pacific, would suit you.

DON JOSE.—See "Q's" note, which answers your question.

A. G. H.—Enquiries shall be made, and if we can get a price we will send it to you.

NOTE.—In consequence of the Christmas holidays we are obliged to go to press early, and must therefore ask the indulgence of correspondents.

RACING TIPS, BY CAPTAIN COE.

Although the entries are not very plentiful at Kempton the sport should be good. I am told Uncle Marcus will win the Christmas Hurdle Race. I like Orange Field for the Sunbury Steeplechase, and Moon Love for the Mortlake Hurdle Race. Caravel ought to win the Richmond Hurdle Race for Lord Dalmeny. The Ingestre Steeplechase at Dunstall Park reads all right for Borderer II. I think Despot will win the Rugeley Steeplechase, and Jane Morgan may capture the Bushbury Hurdle Race. Aidance has a chance for the Links Hurdle-Race at Newmarket, and Kilglass may win the Christmas Steeplechase. There will be some capital sport at Hurst Park on the last two days of the week; and fields will be large, as the betting is certain to be of a lively character. I like Scotch Demon for the Maiden Hurdle-Race and Effigy for the Novices' Steeplechase. Blue Streak may win the Palace Hurdle-Race.

Those who are present-giving may be advised to remember the famous Marcella cigars, which have been made familiar to the smoking public by the narrow red band, on which appears the word "Marcella" in white letters. They are to be bought from all tobacconists and stores in boxes of twenty-five and fifty. A box of Marcella cigars forms a gift that every gentleman will appreciate.

The Frank Urban Biograph at the Alhambra is as popular as ever and always up-to-date. The very latest series of pictures, entitled "What is Whisky?" and obtained by the courtesy of Messrs. John Dewar and Sons, Limited, represents the various processes which the whisky undergoes at the firm's distilleries away in the Highlands at Aberfeldy, and the handling of entire train-loads at the bonded warehouses at Perth.

Messrs. De La Rue send us examples of their well-known Indelible, Condensed, Traveller's, Finger, Thumb, and Palm Diaries and Tablet Calendars. Among the specialties of the firm must be mentioned the Traveller's Index Diary, which gives the flags of the chief nations, the value of current foreign moneys, a speed-table, details as to passports, and so forth; note-cases for gentlemen, easel engagement-cases, and hunting-appointment cases. Messrs. De La Rue's address is 110, Bunhill Row, E.C.